

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

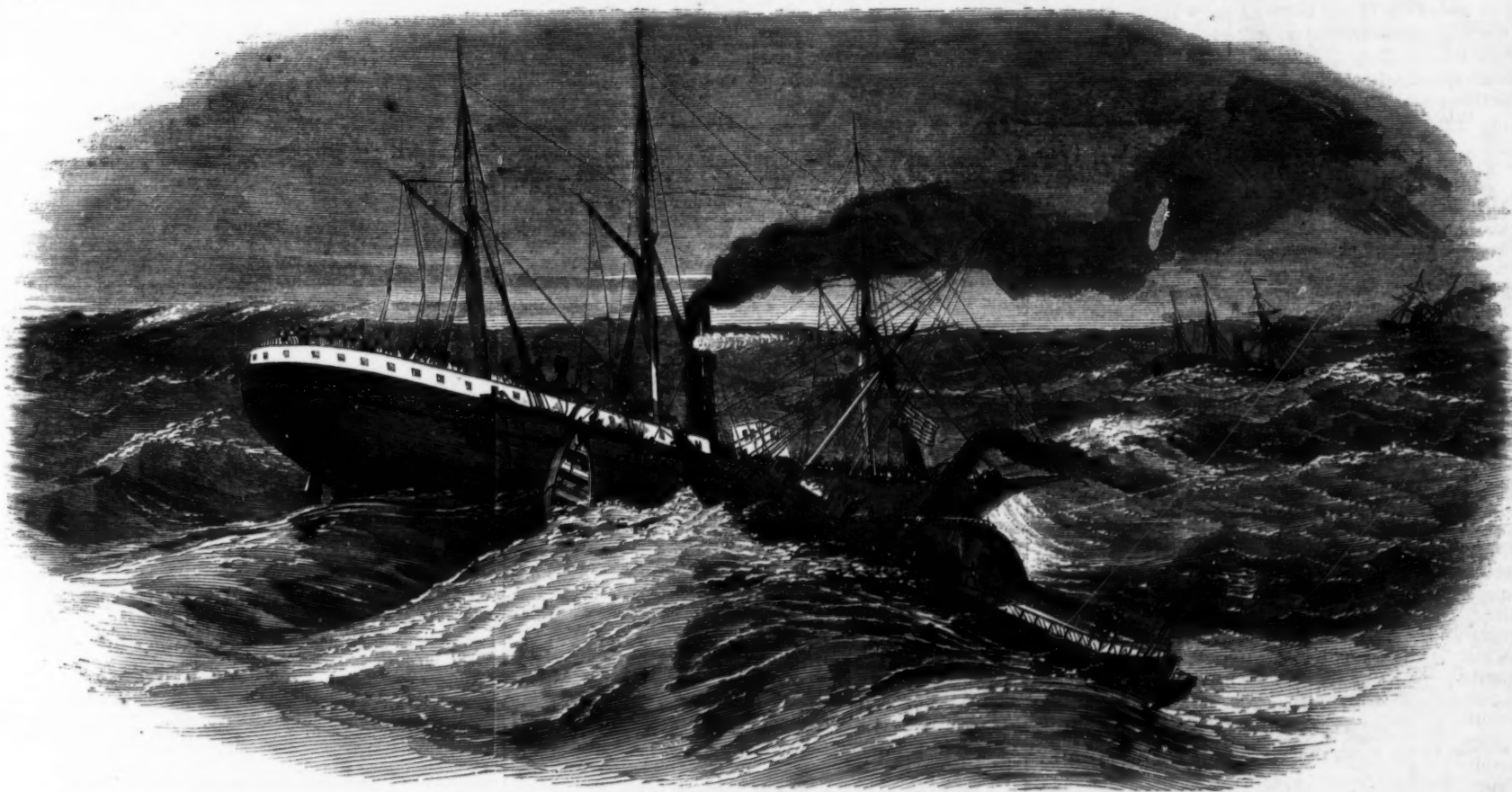
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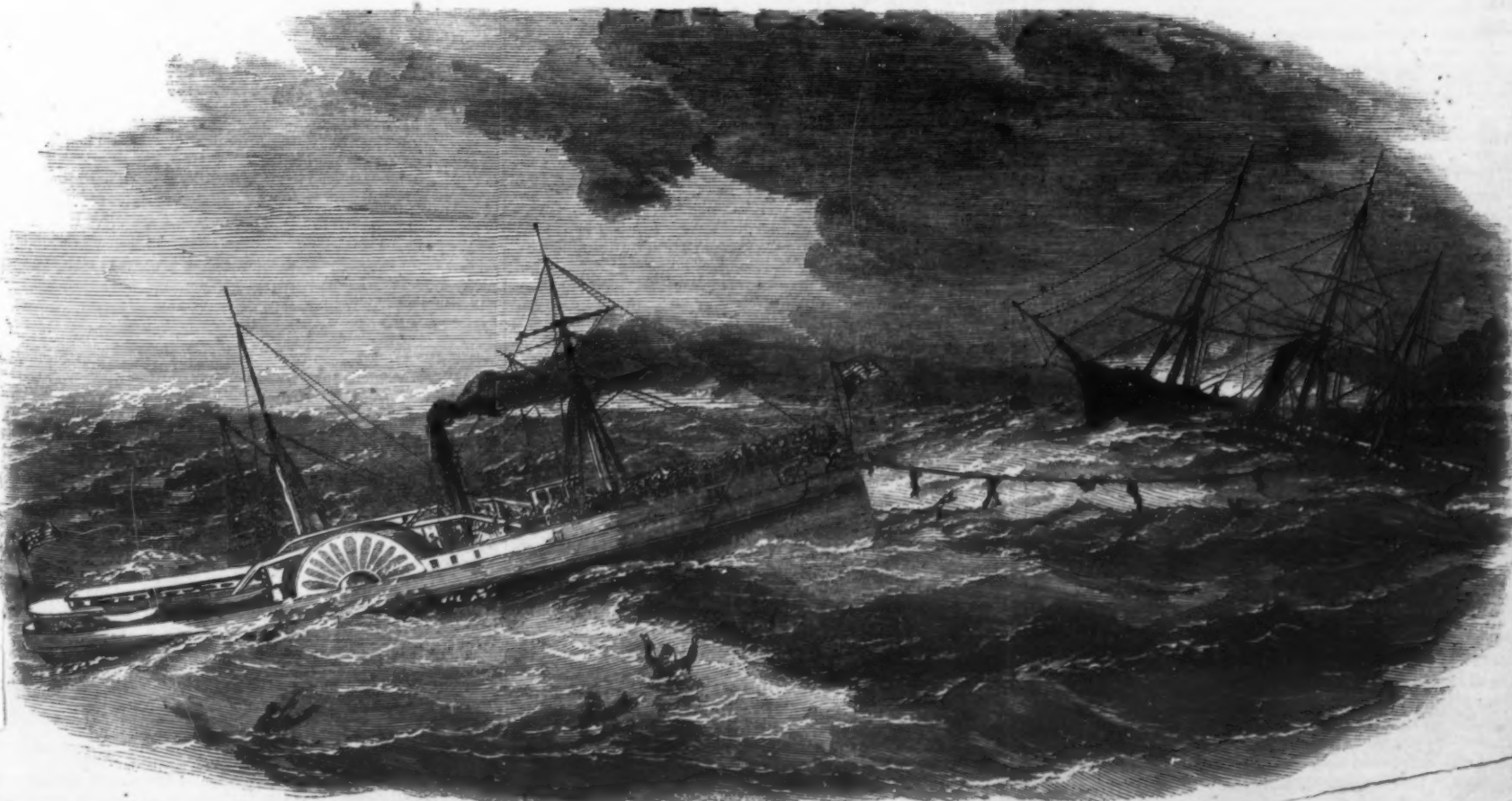
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

NOTICE—Be Careful to Open this Paper before Cutting It.



THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAM TRANSPORTS STAR OF THE SOUTH AND THE PEERLESS, IN THE GREAT STORM, NOVEMBER 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE STAR OF THE SOUTH.—SEE PAGE 22.



THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—THE RESCUE OF MAJOR REYNOLD'S BATTALION OF MARINES FROM THE FOUND. NOVEMBER 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANIED BY GOVERNOR, BY THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF U. S. FRIGATE SAN. —SEE PAGE 22.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE attractions of this place are beyond precedent or parallel, embracing, besides all the other Novelties and Wonders, the LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, in Egypt, which has been engaged again at an enormous expense; and that brilliant drama, THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT. Admission only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. QUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

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Pictorial History of the War of 1861.

No. 12 of this great National work is ready for delivery. It contains upwards of THIRTY Maps and Engravings, and a large amount of reading matter, including full accounts, narrative and official, of the rout of the rebels at Chicamcomico, and of the bloody battle of Ball's Bluff. Copies of the work have been ordered for State Libraries of England, France, Prussia, Italy and Russia, as affording a full and complete History, Documentary, Descriptive and Pictorial, of the Great Rebellion. See advertisement on the last page but one of this paper.

Illustrations of the Great Naval Expedition.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this week a series of valuable pictures of the late operations of the fleet at Port Royal, from the spirited sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. W. T. CRANE, who accompanied the expedition on board the steamer Star of the South, Captain Kearney. This fine vessel carried out Col. Edward W. Serrell's Corps of Engineers—the only volunteer corps of this description in the service, which gave the vessel the honor of the advance and the right of the line. On arriving off Port Royal, the Star of the South was ordered ahead for the same reason. Our Artist had, consequently, peculiar facilities for witnessing the action, of which he has given spirited and accurate sketches, as well as of the points which he was permitted to visit afterwards. Mr. Crane speaks in the highest terms of Col. Serrell, Col. Hall, and the command generally, on board the Star of the South, which he pronounces "well ordered, well drilled, admirably officered, and sure to win distinction in any service to which it may be assigned." Mr. Crane will remain with the Expedition, and our readers may rely on a full and faithful illustration of all of its operations at his hands, subject only to such restrictions as the officers directing it may impose, and to whose suggestions he will yield implicit deference.

The Situation.

"Now, by St. Paul, the Work Goes Bravely On!"

THE week has been fraught with events of more importance and greater magnitude than any which has preceded it since the fatal day when the rebels fired on Sumter. The news of the brilliant victory of the National fleet over the rebels at Port Royal, and of the capture of the heavy works which they had erected for its protection, has been appropriately followed up by the intelligence of Gen. Nelson's decisive victory at Pickett, in Kentucky, and the uprising of the oppressed loyalists in Eastern Tennessee and North Carolina. In a word, the week has witnessed the turning of the tide of affairs which has hitherto set against the North. Missouri is now cleared of any considerable force of rebels; in Eastern Kentucky the invaders are in precipitate retreat. Communication between Buckner and his reserves in Nashville are said to be cut off by the destruction of the Cumberland river bridge, and the battle of Belmont has shown Polk that he cannot long expect to hold Columbus, after the completion of the great Mississippi flotilla.

In Western Virginia the war may be regarded as at an end, and that district secured from further invasion. And while the rebel front is thus pushed back, and their strongholds assailed in flank, the great army of the Potomac remains intact, ready at any moment to throw its massive weight upon the first wavering point in the enemy's lines.

The rebellion has now put forth its entire strength, and finds itself impotent against the power it has provoked. It can never again muster such an army as it has had for four months in Virginia. From this time forward it must become daily weaker and weaker. Even now Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina, calls for his regiments to return, in order to save his capitol from seizure.

Georgia is drained of troops, and Savannah is threatened. Already, without doubt, Gov. Brown has sent his impatient demand for help to the Generals at Manassas. And when the next Naval Expedition shall strike at Mobile, and New Orleans, and Galveston, the whole of Virginia will be left helpless at the feet of the army on the Potomac.

These results are inevitable, if the Government will only follow up its successes by prompt action; and, instead of permitting its officers to come home, as they did from Hatteras, and cackle their own exploits from tavern balconies and railway cars, send them forward to new enterprises and victories. A bold and rapid movement by our forces now at

Beaufort, if promptly and adequately supported, could hardly fail to give us possession of Charleston and Savannah. The message of the Governor of South Carolina, issued on the 6th, states that of the 19 regiments raised by the State, 15 are in Virginia, and that there are only 3,000 reserves conditioned to take the field. In other words, that the whole available force of the State does not number over 6,000 men. North Carolina will furnish that arch-rebellious State with no aid; for five of her own regiments have recently surrendered their arms and disbanded, and the organ of her rebel leaders clamors for help from outside to put down the Union demonstrations, which, it declares, will carry off half the State, unless stopped by the "Confederate arm." And as for Georgia, it is little probable that she will peril Savannah by taking any risks to rescue its commercial rival, Charleston.

It has been the policy of the Gulf or Cotton States to keep the war on the border, and oblige the frontier States to bear the severities which they alone have provoked. To this end they have pushed forward their legions to the northward with an alacrity and energy which Virginia has deluded herself with thinking was due to fraternal sympathy, but which originated in far-seeing selfishness. They will not keep a man in Virginia, nor Kentucky, nor Missouri, if they shall be seriously endangered at home. It is there alone that they can be vitally assailed. Hence, we repeat, the blow struck at Port Royal should be followed up along the whole coast, before the Gulf States shall be able to recall their forces in the field, or adopt additional means of defence.

The experience of our fleets at Hatteras and Port Royal has shown that the earthworks which have been constructed on the Southern coast, as harbor defences, are incapable of sustaining the fire which can be concentrated on them from our ships and gunboats. And if the Crimean war proved that ships are impotent against casemated forts of granite, our experience proves that they are irresistible against open works, into which they can rain shot and shell. Flesh and blood cannot stand the fearful hail of shells which two hundred guns can pour into works like Forts Hatteras and Walker. And there seems now to be no good reason why all the defences of this kind which have been erected for the protection of Fernandina, Mobile and New Orleans may not be taken in detail, by precisely the same means that we have found to be so successful at Hatteras and Port Royal. If these deductions be true as regards works so complete as these, how much more conclusive must they be as regards the various batteries which are supposed to protect the approach to Norfolk, and which line James river and the Potomac? It seems almost certain that a dozen of the new gunboats may steam straight up to Richmond, and, by their concentrated fire, silence every battery on James river as they advance. Is not the experiment worth the trial?

A most significant circumstance connected with the landing at Port Royal, is the conduct of the slaves. Large numbers are said to have been shot for refusing to follow their masters in their retreat; while most of those who remained flocked to the National camps, hailing the invaders in their rude way as friends and deliverers. It seems to have been decided by the Government to offer no inducements to the slaves to escape, but to receive all that come and employ them—not as belligerents, but in such duties as our officers may assign them, at a fair rate of payment. In this way they will add much to the efficiency of the National army, and leave a larger proportion of the soldiers free for active duty. Circumstances will show whether this policy as regards the blacks is comprehensive enough to meet all the exigencies of more extended operations in the Slave States proper. It may apply very well to a few hundreds or thousands of the refugees; but what if there should be, what is not unlikely, a general stampede of the slave population? Perhaps we may say, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," but nevertheless the question is a pregnant one, and the answer to it may well be considered in advance.

The Stars and Stripes now wave in six of the Seceded States, to wit: in North Carolina, over Fort Hatteras; in South Carolina, at Beaufort; in Florida, at Key West and Fort Pickens; in Mississippi, at Ship Island; in Eastern Tennessee, and in the northern and western sections of Virginia.

We are still without details of the battle of Belmont in Missouri. The loss of the Union forces is officially announced at 84 killed, 288 wounded, and 235 missing. The rebels announce their loss at over 500, while the National officers insist it was double that number.

It is stated that the army lately under General Fremont, but now commanded by General Hunter, lately at Springfield, is retracing its steps to St. Louis, having abandoned the pursuit of Price and McCulloch, who, it is added, have partially disbanded and given up the campaign. Altogether operations in Missouri are strangely conducted, and in a manner incomprehensible to simple Eastern intelligence and judgment. All of the officers of the army appointed by General Fremont, on his own responsibility, have been dismissed by orders from Washington, and General McKinstry, late Provost Marshal of St. Louis, put under arrest.

Messrs. Mason and Sidel, formerly Senators of the United States from Virginia and Louisiana, respectively, but lately appointed by the Rebel Government—the first, Minister to England, and the second Minister to France—were captured at sea on the 8th of November. The particulars are given elsewhere. So much has been said lately about the successful escape of these men from Charleston in the steamer Theodora, their arrival in Havana, and formal reception by the British Consul and the Spanish Captain-General, as well as about the probable objects of their mission, that the news of their arrest is received with peculiar interest and satisfaction. We have no doubt a vigorous hullabaloo will be raised by the English press over the fact of their capture on a British vessel; but as Great Britain has always claimed the right of visit for her cruisers, and the right also of seizing her own subjects on neutral ships, we fancy they will hardly succeed in raising more than a wordy tumult. It will be remembered that McManus, the famous Irish refugee, was seized by English officers in 1848, while on board an American ship.

can ship, and that several captures were made during the Canadian Rebellion by British officers on board the steamer Caroline, while lying at her dock on the American shore of Niagara river. At any rate, the nation is ready to accept all the consequences of the seizure of these arch-rebels. England can have a corn, as well as cotton famine, if she wants it!

Breaking up of Railroad Connections in the South.

THE rebels have but three lines of communication between Virginia and the South, or between its "grand army" on the Potomac and the sources whence that army is supplied. There are: first, the Tennessee and Virginia Railway, crossing the Alleghenies, near Lynchburg, in Western Virginia, and running through Eastern Tennessee into North Western Georgia, and thence sending branches to Memphis, Mobile and Charleston; second, the North Carolina and Richmond Railway, extending southward through Central Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina to Columbia, and thence radiating by a number of circuitous routes to various points in the South; and third, the seacoast road, by way of Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston to Savannah. The first and last named are most important. The latter is threatened with interruption by our forces at Beaufort, only ten miles from it, and also from Bull Bay above Charleston. The first, named, and as regards military operations, by far the most important of all, if we may credit the accounts from the South-west, is already broken up by the people of Eastern Tennessee, so as to be useless. The bridges across all the principal rivers, from the frontier of Virginia to Georgia, seem to have been burned by the loyalists of East Tennessee; and it is also stated that the great bridge over the Cumberland river in Middle Tennessee, between Nashville and Bowling Green, where the rebel General Buckner is established, is also destroyed, thus cutting him off from reinforcements and retreat!

Should these reports prove true—and there is no reason to doubt their accuracy—a most important point has been gained to the Union cause. The interruption of the Tennessee road not only cuts off the rebel columns in Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee from reinforcements from Virginia, except by long and almost impossible marches, but it cuts off also, the line over which the rebel army on the Potomac has received most of its supplies. If, as it is to be hoped, the road between Charleston and Savannah shall be broken up, communication between the Northern rebel and Gulf States will be practically stopped, for the sole remaining long, circuitous and rickety road will be unequal to any military service of magnitude. Shut in on the sea, with its principal thoroughfares destroyed or useless, threatened in flank and rear, and with an unbroken column pressing on their front with the sure, stern, unyielding power of the glacier, the rebel States must soon feel the impossibility of continuing the contest, and will be compelled to yield submission to the majesty of the nation.

The Sentiment of the Army.

THERE is no mistaking the tendencies of the struggle in which we are engaged. In the army particularly, the determination is spreading and strengthening to use every means which Providence has placed in our hands to utterly crush out and subdue this rebellion, without regard to the cost and obnoxious names by which such conduct may be characterized, and which, under present circumstances, lose all significance. We quote some remarkable recent declarations. On the occasion of the passage of the Massachusetts 23rd through this city a few days ago, Brigadier-General Burnside was called on for a speech, in which, referring to a late Southern declaration, that slavery "so far from being a source of weakness, is the very strength of the rebellion," he said:

"We have had it thrown in our face that the very cause of this rebellion is a strength to the enemy. But the time has come when, if the cause of this difficulty is a real strength to the enemy, every good General in the field will strive to turn that power to his own account."

Still more explicit was the speech of Col. John Cochrane to his regiment, in Washington, on the 13th, on the occasion of the presentation of a flag, followed as it was by a complete endorsement from the Secretary of War:

"Soldiers, to what means shall we resort for our existence? This war is devoted not merely to victory and its mighty honors, not merely to the triumph which moves in glorious procession along our streets. But it is a war which moves toward the protection of our homes, the safety of our families, the continuation of our domestic altars, and the protection of our firesides. In such a war we are justified, are bound to resort to every force within our power. Having opened the port of Beaufort, we shall be able to export millions of cotton bales, and from these we may raise the slaves of war. Do you say we should not seize the cotton? No; you are clear upon that point. Suppose the munitions of war are within our reach, would we not be guilty of shameful neglect if we availed not ourselves of the opportunity to use them? Suppose the enemy's slaves were arrayed against you, would you, from any squeamishness, refrain from pointing against them the hostile gun, and prostrating them in death? No; that is your object and purpose; and if you would seize their property, open their ports, and even destroy their lives, I ask you whether you would not use their slaves? Whether you would not arm their slaves [great applause], and carry them in battalions against their masters? [Renewed and tumultuous applause.] If necessary to save this Government, I would plunge their whole country, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of blood, so that we should in the end have a Government which would be the viceroy of God. Let us have no more of this dilettante system, but let us work with a will and a purpose that cannot be mistaken. Let us not be put aside from too great a delicacy of motive. Soldiers, you know no such reasoning as this. You have arms in your hands, and those arms are placed there for the purpose of exterminating an enemy unless he submits to law, order and the Constitution. If he will not submit, explode everything that comes in your way. Set fire to the cotton. Explode the cotton. Take property wherever you may find it. [Great applause.] Do to them as they would do to us. Raise up a party of interest against the absent slaveholder, distract their councils, and if this should not be sufficient, take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and in God's name bid him strike for the liberty of the human race. [Immense applause.]"

After the conclusion of Col. Cochrane's speech there were loud cries for the Secretary of War, who was present, and who responded as follows:

"Soldiers—It is too late for me to make you a speech to-night, but I will say that I heartily approve every sentiment uttered by your noble commander. The doctrines which he has laid down I approve as if they were my own words. They are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead you to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. Every means which God has placed in our hands, it is our duty to use for the purpose of protecting ourselves. I am glad of the opportunity to say here, what I have already said elsewhere, in these few words, that I approve the doctrines this evening enunciated by Colonel Cochrane. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]"

RETALIATION.—It is stated in the Richmond papers that Col. Corcoran, the commander of the gallant 69th, or Irish regiment, of this city, together with three Captains and 18 Lieutenants, all prisoners taken at Bull Run, have been selected by lot to be hung, in case of the

THE advertisements in the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition for 1882 will bring in a handsome sum. Two hundred and fifty dollars is demanded for a single page; and the outside page of the cover of the Industrial Catalogue is said to have been already secured by a energetic advertiser at \$5,000.

BT, S. C., ON NOVEMBER 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CRAIG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ON BOARD THE STEAM TRANSPORT SHIP OF THE SOUTH, WHICH WAS NEAREST TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.—SEE PAGE 22.

Sanguinaria.

Semiole.

Vandell.

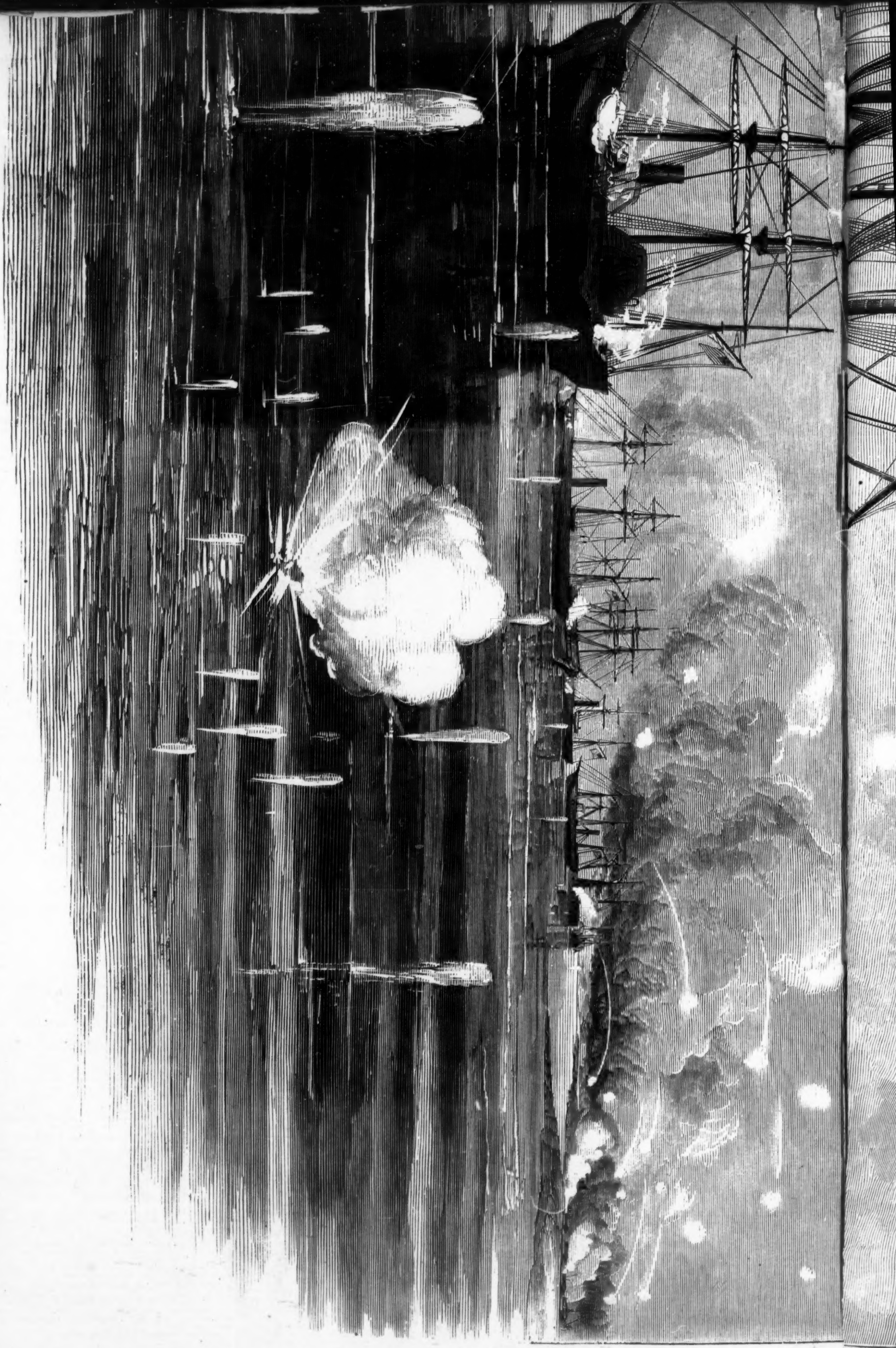
Mohican.

P. wine.

Union.

Curlew.

Belvidere.



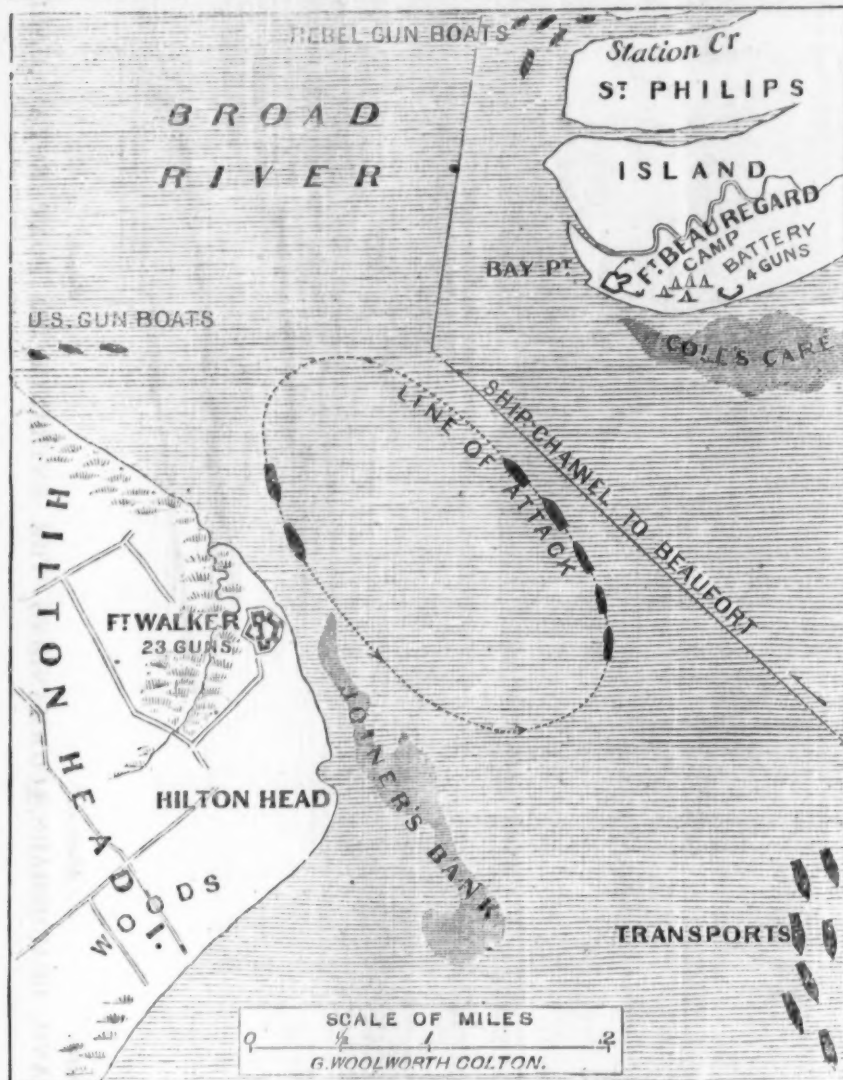


Pechantar.

Albatross.

Wahash.

GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD, COMMANDING THE ENTRANCE TO PORT ROYAL HARBOR AND



PORT ROYAL—SCENE AND PLAN OF THE BATTLE.

BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORTS BEAUREGARD AND WALKER, PORT ROYAL, S. C.

The naval arm has again been raised, and dealt a most telling blow on Secession. As already recorded in our paper, the grand naval and military expedition, under the respective commands of Commodore Dupont and Gen. Sherman, consisting altogether of from 70 to 80 ships and 20,000 men, sailed from Fortress Monroe on the 29th of October, and arrived off Port Royal on the 3d, 4th and 5th November, having encountered a series of terrific gales, which, scattering the fleet, necessarily delayed the arrival of several ships, and in which two transports were stranded, their crews falling into the hands of the Confederates. On the morning of the 4th the Vixen and the Mercury were sent to take soundings, accompanied by several of the new gunboats. About 5 p. m. Fort Beauregard opened fire upon the gunboats, while the Mosquito fleet, under Com. Tatnall, approached and fired a few ineffective shots. Night coming on closed the combat. In the meantime most of the transports anchored inside the harbor, under the protection of the Wabash, Susquehanna and the gunboats, the heaviest of them remaining outside. On Tuesday morning, the 5th, the rest of the fleet entered Port Royal, and seven gunboats, having on board Gens. Sherman, Wright and Stevens, went up to thoroughly reconnoitre, and drawing the enemy's fire to ascertain the weight and number of the enemy's batteries. The enemy opened fire at about seven o'clock, and the gunboats, having returned the fire, regained their former position at nine o'clock. In the afternoon the war vessels got under weigh, with the intention of attacking the batteries, but the Wabash grounded on Fishing Rip Shoals, and the attack was consequently postponed. The day following, Wednesday, the 6th November, the weather was too stormy to allow of active operations. On Thursday morning, at nine o'clock, the fleet got under weigh, and at 10 o'clock the Confederate batteries opened a heavy fire upon our vessels. The line of battle was thus formed by our fleet:

MAIN SQUADRON.	FLANKING SQUADRON.
Wabash,	Bienville,
Susquehanna,	Seneca,
Mohican,	Curlew,
Bearhole,	Augusta,
Pawnee,	Penguin,
Unadilla,	R. B. Forbes,
Ottawa,	
Pembina,	
Vandalla,	

The main squadron was to do the fighting at the batteries, while the flanking squadron was to drive off the rebel boats. Subsequently a portion of both squadrons took up an enfilading position above the battery, and then did good service, keeping up an incessant fire, while the large ships were shifting their position. At a few minutes past 10 the Wabash commenced by pouring a broadside into Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, while her next broadside was directed at Fort Beauregard, Edding Island, on the opposite shore of the entrance to Port Royal. The gunboats under Com. Tatnall also commenced firing on our vessels, but kept so carefully out of range as to make their participation in the conflict a mere farce, since they neither received nor inflicted any damage. The whole plan of attack had been admirably arranged by Com. Dupont, and was at once daring, simple and original. It was for the ships to describe a circle, following one another, each giving its fire on the two forts as it steamed past. The Bienville, Wabash and Susquehanna fired 10 second shells into Fort Walker, while the gunboats took up a position where they could fire on the batteries and Tatnall gunboats.

The firing on both sides was incessant, and about noon the Wabash, Bienville and Susquehanna approached within 600 yards of Fort Walker, Hilton Head, and delivered their broadsides with a deliberation and effect which was terrible. This desperate combat lasted for three hours, principally with 10 second, and then five second shells, when the firing ceased, the guns in the forts being completely silenced. It

is calculated that between 2,000 and 3,000 shot and shell were rained in a perfect storm upon these devoted forts. At precisely three o'clock Com. John Rodgers landed with a strong force of sailors and marines, and found Fort Walker deserted. He immediately took possession, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. From 30 to 50 dead were found in and around the fort, but the total loss in killed and wounded is put down at fully 200. Considering the terrible nature of the bombardment, there is no question that the loss was much greater. The enemy had abandoned this fort, passing over Scull Creek, and it was reported had retired to Grahamville, where they had most probably taken the railroad to Charleston. The next morning Fort Beauregard was taken possession of, the rebels having abandoned it the preceding night. The loss on our side was eight killed, six severely and 17 slightly wounded.

Collision between the Peerless and the Star of the South.

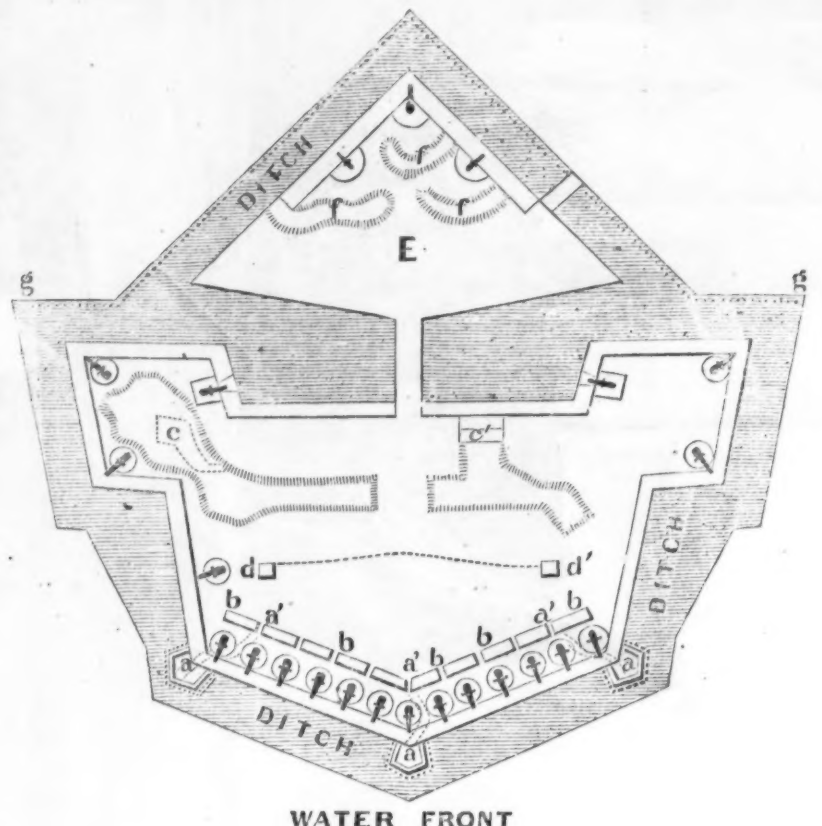
The Peerless was a small steamer, chartered to be used in the shallow waters of the Southern rivers and creeks. She had on board at first 100 beef cattle, but by slaughtering for the troops they were reduced to 87, with which number she started for the destination of the fleet. Being caught in the gale, the captain ran up signals of distress, when the Star of the South ran down to his aid, but came too close, and ran into the Peerless on the quarter, inflicting severe damage. The captain of the Peerless then lightened his ship by throwing the cattle overboard, and thinks she would have ridden out the gale in safety had she not been injured by the Star of the South. However, he found that his ship was sinking, and he was obliged to leave her. His crew were all taken off by the Mohican. The captain was the last to leave his ship, and when he did so, he created no little merriment, in spite of the storm, by quietly launching his lifeboat, putting his trunk into it, and getting on board the Mohican without wetting a hair. The Peerless went down within the hour. Our artist, who was on board the Star of the South, has given a most graphic sketch of this exciting incident.

Landing of the Troops.

The limited means for landing made the operation one of the slowest and most tedious I have ever witnessed. The surf and flat-boats first went alongside the steamers containing Wright's Brigade, and one regiment was put on shore before any attempt to move another was made. I must be permitted to remark, without intending to be offensive, that soldiers on shipboard are awkward enough, but pack them closely in a small boat, and they seem to lose all control over their limbs, so that nothing whatever can be done with them. This characteristic intractability was not lacking on this occasion, and it seemed that each particular man took ten minutes to get himself on board after the order to enter the boat was given. Adding to the delay was the fact that the beach shelved so gradually that none of the loaded boats could approach it within fifty yards or more; and the soldiers, therefore, had to divest themselves of shoes and stockings and flounder through water up to their knees.

Interior of Fort Walker, near Beaufort.

We learn from the Southern papers that the firing of our ships was so terrific that it was impossible for the bravest troops to hold the forts. Our fleet paid the greatest attention to Fort Walker, which we have illustrated and described in another column. The sand flew up from the storm of our shells so fiercely, that the Confederate gunners were nearly blinded. A pathetic discovery was made the day after our troops took possession of Fort Walker. On repairing one of the slopes the dead body of Dr. Buist was discovered buried in the sand, near that of a soldier, whose wounds he was evidently dressing at the time the shell burst at his side and killed him. In his pocket were found several letters which throw considerable light on the Southern cause. It is supposed that the shell tore up the works and buried him in the sand.



WATER FRONT

PLAN OF FORT WALKER.

INDEX TO THE DIAGRAM.—a a—Rifle-pits or bastions (known as Tambours), in the ditch, having two galleries commanding the ditch. Entrance underneath the parapet, coming out at a' a'. In many respects this is preferable to a counterscarp gallery, but these were too close to the glacis, and could have been too easily bridged. The approaches for storming would have to have been made from under the cover of the beach; no protection against hand grenades. To have attempted to storm the parapet at once would have been almost impossible.
b b b—Are traverses to protect those serving the guns.
c c—Are magazines. In c' a quantity of shell, some charged. They are mostly percussion; very few fuses.
d d—Ovens for heating shot; d' was destroyed by a shot, and then a traverse was thrown up to connect the two.
E—A lunette—not finished—for defence against land attack.
Pickets in the ditch—badly driven, and too near the counterscarp. It would be very easy to jump over them from the glacis into the ditch. The glacis should have been three feet higher.
fff—Traverses. g g—Salient points, unprotected.

Loss of the Governor, Transport.

The steamer Governor, Commander Phillips, that formed one of the fleet, was employed as a transport, and had on board a battalion of marines, under command of Major John George Reynolds. These were transferred to the Sabine, who took them to their destination. She joined the fleet at Fortress Monroe, and sailed from that point. Being originally intended for river navigation, like the ferryboats, she was unable to weather the rough sea. She was a side wheel steamer, of 650 tons burthen. She was built in this city, in 1846. She rated A2, and drew eight feet of water.

Fort Walker.

Fort Walker is an irregular bastioned and curtained work, constructed on a bluff eight feet above high water mark, and in a position commanding important points and channels in Port Royal harbor and the entrance to Beaufort, South Carolina. When captured by the Union troops it mounted 15 guns of the most approved fabric and superior ranges, viz.: Two 10-inch shell guns, manufactured in 1861 at the Tredegar Works, Richmond, Va.; one 32-pounder, rifled cannon, on which there was the following inscription: "Presented to Brigadier-General Beauregard, by his friends in England, in haste;" 10 eight-inch columbiads, manufactured by J. A. Alger & Co. in 1861, and three 24-pounders. The latter were mounted in the redan, on the land side covering the entrance to the fort. The other 13 guns were all mounted on barbette and on carriages of the latest patterns. In the attack by our forces three of the guns were dismounted. The fort had three magazines, and when the enemy retreated they left behind them about 10 tons of fixed ammunition, large quantities of powder and implements for working the guns. The fort when captured was garrisoned by 1,300 South Carolina troops, under the command of Brigadier-General Drayton, of Charleston, S. C. The guns in the fort were under the command of Major Wagner, of the German Artillery of Charleston. The fort was constructed by Captain Richard F. Lee, late of the United States Army. It was built by negro labor, and it took three months to construct it. It was surrounded by a ditch 15 feet wide by 10 deep, and picketed throughout. In the ditches on the sea side and at the points of the bastions were stockades for sheltering sharpshooters.

Fort Beauregard.

Fort Beauregard, at Bay Point, on the point opposite Fort Walker, is built of sand and palmetto logs on a sand spit on the extreme southerly end of Hunting Island. The work on the harbor or sea front is what is termed a lunette or semi-circular, and mounts 12 guns. To the right of this lunette is a small salient mounting three guns, and to the left a small work, or redan, mounting two guns. The rear of the work has a natural defence in the shape of a wide swamp, and to the front an artificial obstacle to an assault in a wide wet ditch, filled with chevrons de-frise, driven in the earth, and placed at an angle of 45 degrees. In the work is a large magazine, which, when captured by our troops, contained 1,500 rounds of fixed ammunition, and in the wet ditch were large quantities of loose powder, destroyed by the rebels before they evacuated the fort. The armament of the fort consists of—

Thirty-two pounder barbette guns	8
Ten inch columbiad (shell gun)	1
Eleven-inch columbiad	1
Twenty-four pounder smooth bores	2
Twenty-four pounder rifled cannon	1
Forty-two pounder casemate guns	3
Total	16

In the rear of the fort is a large, new two-story wooden barrack, capable of sheltering 300 men. There were numerous other new buildings used as officers' quarters, etc.

In the fort when captured were found a large variety of commissary and medical stores, personal baggage, etc. Bay Point Beach is a somewhat popular place as a watering resort for Charlestonians. To accommodate these there are

numerous cottages, at intervals, which give the place a very interesting appearance. The fort is now garrisoned by the 79th regiment New York State Militia and Eighth Michigan regiment.

The Rebel Garrison of Fort Beauregard.

The following is a summary of the morning report of the rebel troops in Fort Beauregard, Bay Point, S.C., November 4, 1861:

Commander of Post—Colonel R. M. Dunovant (formerly Captain in the United States Army).
Ordnance Officer—Captain R. M. Barnwell.
Commander of Detachment—Captain McCorkle.
Commissary—First Lieutenant Robb.
Adjutant—First Lieutenant William H. Tully.

THE CONFEDERATE AMBASSADORS TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE

Captured on board the Contraband English Mail Steamer Trent, in the Bermuda Roads, by Capt. Wilkes, of the U. S. Steam Frigate San Jacinto.

HON. JAMES M. MASON was born on the 3d November, 1798, on Annapolis Island, County Fairfax, Virginia, and was educated in Georgetown, Washington. In 1818 he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and having studied law at the College of William and Mary, Va., commenced the practice of that profession in Winchester. He was elected a member of the House of Delegates, where he served three sessions. In 1837 he was elected to Congress, where he greatly distinguished himself. In 1847 he was elected to the Senate; re-elected in 1849, and again in 1855. He is chiefly famous as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. On the commencement of the present rebellion he cast his lot with the Confederates, and was despatched by Jefferson Davis as Minister Extraordinary to England. Early in October he escaped in the Theodora from Charleston, and was taken from on board the steamer Fingal, by Capt. Wilkes, of the United States steam frigate San Jacinto, as detailed in another column.

John Slidell was born in New York, in 1793, and on reaching the age of 19 removed to New Orleans, where he established himself as a lawyer, and practised with great success. He was appointed by General Jackson as United States District Attorney, and was several times elected to the Legislature of Louisiana. In 1843 he was chosen representative in Congress, and while there was appointed by President Polk as Minister to Mexico. In 1853 he was elected to the United States Senate for the unexpired term of Senator Soule, and at the expiration of that term was re-elected for the full term of six years, and was made a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs and Foreign Relations. As he cast his fortunes with the Secessionists, he was appointed by the Confederate Government Minister Extraordinary to the Court of France, and escaped, with his friend Mason in the Theodora, the vigilance of the blockade off Charleston, only to be captured on board the British steamer on his way to Europe by Captain Wilkes, as related in another part of our paper. Mr. Slidell is considered as one of the ablest men in America.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A REMARKABLE incident lately occurred in Warsaw. A cortege of 20,000 persons was following to the grave a young Pole, who died from wounds received in the collision of the 8th April. The General met the procession, and asked what it meant. On being told, he alighted from his carriage, sent away the police, placed himself in the cortege, and went with it to the cemetery.

According to the *Annuaire Encyclopedique*, the average number of suicides each year in France is 8,500, of whom only 842 are females. It is in April, May, June and July that they are most frequent, and the age of the greatest number of persons committing them is from 40 to 60. Of the total, 2,833 are accomplished by strangulation or drowning, 271 by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal, 395 by firearms, 153 by sharp instruments, 110 by leaping from high places, 93 by poison, and the rest by different means.

The French Government is very busy just now with military experiments. The most remarkable of these is an invention said to have been tried with perfect success, to enable a foot soldier, heavily accoutred, to walk on the water without sinking. The contrivance consists of a pair of India rubber boots and trousers in one piece, filled with a little air below the waist, and heavily weighted at the feet.

The population of Ireland in 1841 was 8,175,124; in 1861, 5,704,543.

The population of the Swiss Confederacy in December last was 2,534,242.

INTELLIGENCE has been received from our Minister to Mexico, to the effect that the Mexican Government had asked a loan from our Government of from five to ten millions. Mr. Corwin regards it as highly important, just at this time, that Mexico should have the money to pay the interest on her English debt, and thus release her from her present embarrassments.

The subscription opened in Portugal for erecting a monument to the poet Camoens amounts to upwards of \$25,000.

THE Imperial Crown of England contains one large ruby, one large broad spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, four rubies, 1,353 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls. It has a crimson velvet cap, and weighs 39 oz., 5 dwts., troy.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S "History of Julius Caesar," or, at least, a part of it, may decidedly be expected very shortly. The execution of the maps by which it is to be enriched has just been commenced.

A TRANSLATION into English of De Beaumont's "Memoirs and Correspondence of De Tocqueville" will appear in London during the next month.

THERE were but 1,700 French exhibitors at the exhibition of 1851, and but 2,500 English exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition of the year 1855. There are now 4,425 applications from French manufacturers for places at the exhibition to be held in London next year—a striking proof of the increase of international relations between Great Britain and France.

The dominions of Victor Emanuel are henceforth to be free to Englishmen—no passports being required of them.

The pensions now paid by the French Treasury amount to 72,279,350 francs, distributed among 133,212 persons. The Duke of Malakoff receives 100,000, and 21,263 old soldiers of the republic and the empire receive 2,601,040 francs.

The revised returns of the census of Canada, for 1861, give the following result:

Canada West.....	1,375,222
Canada East.....	1,103,666

Total.....2,478,888

The population of the principal cities is as follows: Montreal, 90,498; Quebec, 51,109; Toronto, 44,743; Hamilton, 19,006; Ottawa, 14,609; Kingston, 13,743; London, 11,555.

The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the oldest establishments in Germany, and a paper of influence in Germany and throughout southern Europe, has sent here a special war correspondent in the person of Herr Otto Von Corvin Wiersbitzki. He is the first "special" who has been sent across the Atlantic by a German journal. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* defends the cause of the American Union and condemns the rebellion.

KING WILLIAM, of Prussia, was crowned with great splendor of ceremony at Konigsberg on the 18th of October. In his speech, acknowledging the addresses of congratulation, he said: "The kings of Prussia have now worn the crown 100 years. I am the first king to ascend the throne since the crown has been surrounded with institutions in harmony with our times."

The British Government is building 54 ships of war, with an aggregate of 95,255 tons, propelled by engines having an aggregate of 10,950 horse power, and a total of 95,255 tons.

OUR ORDERS.

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flags whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread.

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That pour delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet,
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of humankind!

And if that destiny could fall,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

ONE OF TWENTY-SIX LIONS.

An Exciting Incident in the Life of Gerard, the Lion Killer.

ONE winter's evening in Paris, while sitting in my room, quietly smoking a cigar, my servant entered and handed me a note, which I found to be from Gerard, the famous lion-slayer. It acquainted me with his arrival in the capital, and requested me to call on him that evening. During a previous stay in Paris, I had been on terms of intimate friendship with Gerard, but I had not seen him for four years, during which he had been absent in Africa. His return afforded me great joy, and I started at once for his quarters.

I found him awaiting me, with his favorite spahi, Amadah. On my entrance he arose and shook me warmly by the hands. Gerard was, at that time, a man of thirty summers, with bold and open features, clear blue eyes, and teeth of exceeding regularity and whiteness. Amadah was apparently about five-and-twenty, and a superb specimen of the real Arab. He possessed a finely developed figure; his eyes were large, soft, and of a hazel hue, with long regular lashes. His countenance was of a light olive complexion, and well set off by a slightly curled moustache.

We had hardly seated ourselves when several of our mutual acquaintance entered. After we had conversed together for half an hour or so, I seized a favorable opportunity to request from Gerard the story of one of his lion hunts.

"One of your twenty-six lions, Gerard, the first you think of. But let it be a fine one. None of those which Amadah was just telling us he saw in the Jardin des Plantes, and which he took for mock lions. Let it be a lion of Mount Atlas—grand and terrible."

Gerard smiled.

"The first one I think of?" inquired he.

"Yes, Gerard, the first one."

He turned towards the spahi, and spoke a few words in the Arab tongue. Amadah bowed his head in token of assent. Gerard had evidently been asking his opinion concerning the hunt he was about to narrate, and the spahi had approved his choice.

In his usual calm tone, Gerard began as follows:

"I had killed a lioness on the 19th of July, and for several days had vainly endeavored to find the lion. On the eighth day, as I was quietly reposing in my tent, with several of my Arab followers, the well-known roar burst suddenly upon us. We sprang instantaneously to our feet. I seized my rifle, Amadah grasped his gun, and we sallied forth in the direction whence the roar had come. After advancing a mile, we fell in with a number of armed Arabs, leading a pack of hounds and mastiffs.

"The lion had entered the settlement next to ours, and, leaping into the cattle enclosure, had carried off a sheep. As it is never prudent to attack a lion whilst he is devouring his prey, I directed the Arabs to content themselves with following up his trail, and returned to my tent, where I found the owner of the sheep awaiting me.

"He had tracked the lion for nearly two miles, and gave me some valuable information about him. I immediately gave my directions to my trail beaters, Bilkassem and Amar-Ben-Sarah, who were at once models of strength, agility and skill—true sons of Tola.

"They set out the following morning at daybreak, and returned at noon with the information that the lion had entrenched himself in a woody dell, about two miles and a half from the settlement.

"As the afternoon wore away, I became a prey to that feverish emotion which I always experience on learning that a lion is in any particular spot, and which ceases only when I stand before him face to face.

"Shortly before sunset I started out; for it is at twilight that the lion shakes off his slumber, and commences to hunt for his prey.

"When I arrived at the place indicated by my beaters, I had a quarter of an hour left me, and I made use of it to study the locality. It was a narrow defile of the Aures Mountains, thickly wooded with pines, firs and stunted oak trees. Out of the midst of this verdure, several large rocks, burning as yet from the ardor of the noonday sun, rose up like the bones of some half-buried giant. We entered the defile, Ben-Sarah serving me as guide. Behind him he dragged a goat, destined as a bait for the lion. About 50 yards from the lion's covert was a small open glade, and there I determined to post myself. A man cut down a small tree and made a stake, which he planted in the middle of the glade. To this he fastened the goat, allowing him a range of about five feet.

"Whilst Amar-Ben-Sarah was making these preparations, we heard a deep, hoarse sound, at a distance of 50 or 60 yards. It was the lion, who, half-awakened from his sleep, was looking at us and yawning. The bleating of the goat had aroused him, and he was now quietly sitting on his haunches, at the foot of a large rock, licking his jaws, which were all covered with blood. He seemed truly majestic in his calm contempt of our presence.

"I immediately sent back my men, who, nothing loth, posted themselves 200 or 300 yards behind me. Amadah, alone, insisted for a while on remaining. I made a hasty, but careful, survey of the whole vicinity. A rather deep ravine separated me from the lion. The glade measured about 45 yards in circumference. I was alone, and must select a position. I posted myself on the skirts of the wood, so as to place the goat between me and the lion, the goat being seven or eight yards from me, and the lion about 60.

"Whilst I had been taking these precautions, the lion disappeared. He might now attack me at any instant, and it became necessary for me quickly to complete my preparations. An oak afforded me what I always seek in similar circumstances—a support; and, having cleared away such of the lower branches as might impede my vision, I sat down, with my back leaning against the trunk.

"I had hardly seated myself, when the goat began to grow restless. He was pulling towards me with all his strength, but kept his eyes fixed in a contrary direction. The lion had been making a circuit, in order to enter the ravine and approach us unseen. In less than ten minutes his huge head appeared at the edge of the ravine, which lay between us. He walked slowly, for he was drowsy, and his eyes were half shut. The lion is a great sleeper, and very lazy. When he reached the top of the bank, he was about seven yards from the goat and 15 from me.

"I had remained seated, covering him with my rifle. Once, having taken deadly aim between his eyes, I pressed my finger on the trigger, and was tempted to fire, but seeing in the animal no disposition to attack, I waited, abandoning myself up to that terrible sensation of pleasure which I feel in facing danger and braving it. I have another object in prolonging this strange enjoyment; it gives me an opportunity of studying the animal, of advancing another step in the knowledge of his habits. A new discovery in the character of such an adversary is an additional chance of not being devoured by him.

"During ten minutes, I enjoyed such a little-d-dle as few men can boast of. My temerity is pardonable, for I had not been face to face with a lion for nearly two years, and this was one of the most powerful and majestic I had ever seen.

"At the end of ten minutes he let himself fall flat on the ground, sinking as if the earth had suddenly given way beneath him; he then crossed his paws in front of him, and fixed his eyes on mine, whence

he never allowed them to stray for an instant. He seemed entire at a loss to understand the visit of a being who, alone of all creation, did not seem to recognise him for lord.

"Five minutes more elapsed, during which nothing would have been easier than for me to kill him in the position which he had chosen. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and commenced moving rapidly about, first forwards, then backwards, pacing to the right, then to the left, and sweeping his tail in rapid circles through the air. Meanwhile, I sat motionless in my place, my rifle raised, my finger on the trigger, following the animal in his every movement. One spring on his part and I would have been in his clutches. Each moment his restlessness increased, until it made me grow uneasy. He lashed his sides with his tail, his movements became more and more rapid, and his eyes sparkled like coals.

"To have hesitated any longer would have been madness. Finding I could get no chance at his shoulder, I took advantage of an instant when he presented me his left side, and fired.

"The lion tottered, uttered a deep growl of pain, and turned half round, as if he would bite his wound, but did not fall.

"At an interval of three seconds I fired my second barrel. Then, without stopping to look, for I was sure I had hit him, I threw down my first rifle and seized a second one, which had been lying by my side, ready loaded, and the triggers cocked. When I again turned towards my adversary, with my rifle at my shoulder, he had disappeared. I remained motionless, fearing some surprise, and taking in the whole vicinity by a series of rapid glances.

"I heard the lion roar. He was descending into the ravine. He again roared twice, retiring, but step by step. I waited a few minutes longer, perhaps it was only a few seconds, so poorly do we reckon time in similar circumstances, and then, hearing no noise, I arose and examined the place where the animal had received my shots. The goat was lying on the ground in spasms.

"Both balls had struck the lion, and passed completely through his body, for there was a double jet of blood on each side of the spot where he had stood, and along the entire route which he had passed over in retiring. I was about to follow his trail, when my three Arabs appeared on the skirts of the wood. Not knowing whether I was dead or alive, they approached cautiously, and held themselves ready to fire. When they saw me, they ran towards me with shouts of joy. At the same moment we were joined by several Arabs from the settlement, who, hearing the shots, had come to see the result.

"The result was written on the soil in characters not to be mistaken. Deceived by the quantity of blood the animal had evidently lost, they were bent on immediate pursuit. In vain did I dissuade them from so rash a step. The lion, I knew, was yet full of life and strength, and to meet him in his present agony would be terrible; whilst were we to wait, we would, in the morning, find him dead of his wounds. My remonstrances were of no avail, and, finally, I resolved to accompany them, rather than let them go alone.

"After carefully loading my pieces and those of my three followers, I entered the wood. It was almost dark, and we had not been more than 15 minutes creeping through the thick underwood before we completely lost the trail; 10 yards in advance of us was a small open space, and thither we made our way, in order, if possible, to ascertain where we were.

"Whilst we were scattered through the clearing, seeking to discover by the last rays of the departing light some traces of the lost trail, a gun went off through awkwardness or accident. At the same instant a harsh, rustling noise was heard, and the lion descended in our midst, as if he had fallen from the skies.

"There was one moment of unspeakable horror. Every gun, except mine, went off, and it was a miracle we did not kill each other. Not one ball struck the lion. I could with difficulty see through the smoke, but I perceived that all the Arabs had gathered around me, except Ben-Sarah. And then suddenly, on the other side of the glade, about 15 yards from me, there arose a piercing cry of terror and death. I bounded forward through the obscure twilight, rendered obscurer still by the smoke of our rifles. It was so dark, and the smoke so thick, that I did not perceive the lion or the man, until I was literally on top of them. The man was lying undermost, and the infuriated beast was tearing his thighs with his hindmost claws; the whole of the man's head was in the lion's mouth.

"My head swam; all grew dark around me; I tottered—was falling—but this weakness had only the duration of the lightning flash. The lion felt the cold iron of my rifle, and threw at me a savage side-long glance.

"I fired. Everything disappeared in the blaze and smoke. I had to wait. Heaven alone knows what passed within me during that moment of suspense. At last I could see. The lion had let the man fall. Amar lay stretched on the ground—whether dead or alive was more than I could tell.

"The lion was leaning against a small tree, at the foot of which the wretched man lay. Gradually the tree bent over, cracked broke, and the lion fell to the ground by the side of his victim.

"I then fired my last barrel. The cap missed. What would have been my fate had I tried this barrel first? Fortunately the lion was dead.

"We rushed to the man's side. He had fainted, but when I touched him with my hand he seemed to recover. 'Take me away, groaned he, 'take me away!' In vain did we tell him the lion was dead. He heard us not. The Arabs say that when a human being draws in the breath of a lion he becomes crazy. Amar Ben-Sarah was raving.

"We hastened to light torches, and by their light I examined his wounds. His stomach and sides were horribly lacerated, and his thighs bitten through and through in four different places. His skull bore the marks of the animal's long side teeth, but I had not given him time to close his jaws completely on the man's head.

"Amar was evidently lost. Making a litter with our guns, we laid him on it and carried him home.

"On the following day I left that part of the country. The man was still alive, but in agony, and his recovery was despaired of. The Arabs say that a man wounded by a lion can never recover. Eight days later a letter from the Kaid informed me that Amar Ben-Sarah was dead."

Such was Gerard's narrative. I have endeavored to give it as faithfully as possible, but it was told by him with such life, and at the same time with such noble simplicity, that I cannot hope to reproduce it with just effect. Certain it is that though thousands of miles have since separated Gerard and myself, and years have elapsed since that evening, my recollections of his story are as vivid as they were on the succeeding day, when I jotted down in a rough way the foregoing sketch.

ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE well-known African traveller, Captain Burton, is about to publish an account of his journey to the Great Salt Lake, under the title of "The City of the Saints."

A NEW book on America is announced in London, under the title of "The American Union: An Inquiry into its Real Effects on the Well-being of the People of the United States, and into the Cause of its Disruption; with an Examination of Secession as a Constitutional Right." By James Spence.

SCIENTIFIC men abroad seem to be making wonderful discoveries. From Berlin we learn that an artist there, Gunther, has succeeded, during a late storm, in photographing a flash of lightning, while from Burgundy news comes that a denizen of the Trappist monastery of Grace Dieu has succeeded, after considerable study, in producing a continuous electric flame, less costly than that of coal gas, and adapted for general purposes of street and household.

"FESTUS" BAILEY appears in a new character. He is the author of a volume on "The International Policy of the Great Powers," announced for immediate publication.

AMONG the new holiday books announced in London, is "The Victoria Regia," a gorgeous volume, edited by Miss Proctor, and dedicated to the Queen. It will be printed at the Victoria press, by female compositors, under the superintendence of Miss Emily Faithful.

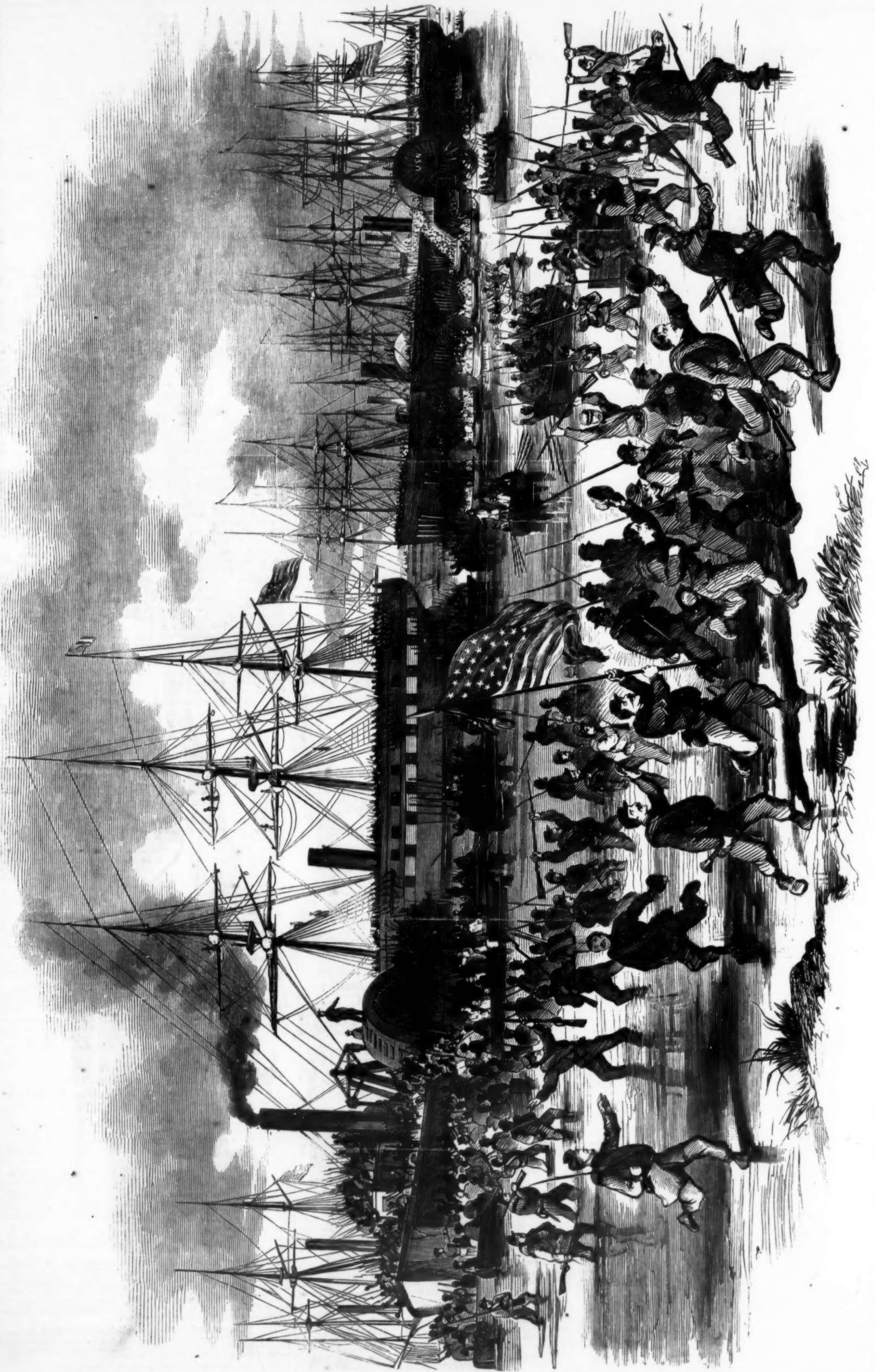
THE "American Gaslight Journal," published by Professor Buck, No. 39 Nassau street, is a work worthy of the patronage of that much abused majority, the gas-burning public.

THE greatest triumph of English alliteration, according to a writer in the *London Quarterly*, is the following line, composed by a young lady in the year 1800, on the occasion of a gentleman by the name of Lee planting a lane with lilacs:

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

In which not only every word, but every syllable, begins with the same letter.

MR. THORNTON HUNT is engaged in editing "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," his father,



THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—THE LANDING OF THE U. S. TROOPS AT FORT WALKER, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE REBEL FORCES ON THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TAKEN ON THE SPOT.—SEE PAGE 22.



THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF FORT MIFFLIN, FORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., DURING THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE VESSELS OF THE NATIONAL FLEET, NOVEMBER 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TAKEN ON THE SPOT.—SEE PAGE 22.

ON THE MARCH.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

HUZZA! the regiment is ready.
The knapsacks full, the bayonets bright;
Come, comrades, let us march on steady,
Marshaled and eager for the fight!

Strike we the tents, in order muster,
And wait the colonel's first command;
Lift up our flag and round it cluster,
Sworn to defend it heart and hand.

Our country calls; the drums are beating
Throughout the land, from east to west;
Advance! quickstep! there's no retreating;
The foremost, bravest are the best.

What though at home we leave our treasure,
Our household darlings, homeborn joys,
Our work, our business and our pleasure,
Our wives and sweethearts, girls and boys;

We go to win a richer booty
Than all our labor could afford;
We bravely go to do our duty,
And see the rule of right restored.

Then march, brave boys, with cheerful faces,
And join the General's mighty band,
Resolved to rise to noble places,
Or die to save our native land.—N. Y. Tribune.

(From the French of Scribe, For Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

CARLO BROSCI;

OR,

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I AND II.

THE scene of this chapter is laid in Madrid, where Juanita, Countess of Popoli, is lying in her palace very ill, and watched by her only sister, Isabella d'Arcos, then on the point of marriage with Ferdinand, son to the duke of Caravajal. When Juanita awakes, Isabella tells her that she has broken off her intended marriage with Ferdinand, who will be there in a short time to bid them both farewell. While Juanita is questioning her sister as to the cause of so sudden and strange a proceeding, Count Ferdinand enters, and is about taking his leave, when the notary, Manuel Perico, makes his appearance with the marriage contract, for so abrupt had the decision of the two lovers been, that the notary had not yet been made acquainted with the altered state of the case. Juanita reads the contract, and there discovers that the reason of the marriage being broken off, was the Duke of Caravajal insisting upon two additional clauses being inserted in the contract, and, that the Countess Juanita should never again marry, and the other, that at her death all her estates in Naples and Spain should revert to her sister. With her usual magnanimity, the fair invalid insists upon these conditions being complied with, and after requesting Manuel Perico to draw up another contract—for the ingenious lovers had torn it up in their indignation—she assured them that she had vowed never to marry again, and also that when they knew her history they would comply with her wishes. This ends the first chapter—the second commences with her narrating the particulars of her life. Her young sister, Isabella, and herself, had been left orphans, and were under the guardianship of their uncle, the Duke d'Arcos, the cruel Viceroy of Naples, for at that time Naples was a Spanish Province. The household of the duke, who was then eighty years of age, consisted of Gherardo, a musician, and his young son, Carlo; Theobaldo, the duke's secretary, and the duke's niece, the lady Juanita—Isabella being in the Convent della Pietà, and only four years of age. Gherardo having received a most eligible offer from Peter the Great of Russia, his son, who was the same age of Juanita, namely, about ten years, is received into the service of the duke as page to the lady Juanita. Gherardo then departs for St. Petersburg, and disappears from the scene. Juanita and Carlo study together, and their rising attachment is observed and encouraged by Theobaldo, a man of singular piety, virtue and learning. One day after a grand hunting entertainment given by the Duke d'Arcos to some nobles, one of them, Count Odoard, rendered reckless from wine, endeavors, when left alone in the drawing-room of the duke's palace, to force a kiss from the lips of Juanita—she resists, and calls for assistance. Carlo, of course, rushes to her aid, and during their combat, Juanita swoons. Carlo is wounded, but his lady's lips are saved. The agitation throws Juanita into a serious sickness, which finally takes the abhorrent form of small pox, a disease regarded with as much horror then as the plague. Deserted by all, she is tenderly nursed by Theobaldo and Carlo, whose skillful treatment and assiduity save not only her life but her beauty, a fact of no slight importance to the heroine of a romance. But Theobaldo pays the penalty of his friendly affection, and is seized by the horrible complaint. He finally recovers, but bears upon his face the scars of the terrible scourge. Upon his restoration to health, he informs Juanita that he intends to devote himself after a time to a religious life. At the intercession of Juanita, the Duke d'Arcos makes Theobaldo his almoner, and Carlo his secretary. A few days afterwards, the duke informs his niece that he has promised her hand to the eldest son of the richest noble of Naples, the Count of Popoli. Juanita, who had already given her virgin heart to Carlo, flies to him and Theobaldo for consolation and advice. Carlo advises her to enter the Convent della Pietà, since her uncle's imperious nature was too well known for them to place any reliance on an appeal to either his justice or his compassion.

III.

"THE suggestion of Carlo pleased me much. It was escaping from a certain and immediate danger, into the vague future."
"He is right," said I, "let us go."
"What!" cried Theobaldo, "think you that the Abbess della Pietà would receive or keep you against the will of your uncle. At his voice every door would be closed. No one would venture to brave his wrath nor resist his just reclamations; for, after all, he has rights, you are his niece, he has educated you."
"Neither Carlo nor I could find an answer. He bowed his head, and continued, coldly,
"There is but one means which will expose but myself."
"And what is that?"
"You will know it in a few days."
"And notwithstanding our entreaties he would say nothing more."
"I need not add how wretched a night I passed.
"The next day the postillon's whip resounded in the courtyard of the castle, and a superb equipage entered, followed and preceded by liveried footmen. My uncle, surrounded by all the dependents of the house, received the new comer, whom he embraced and welcomed cordially. A few moments afterwards he sent me a message, desiring me to appear in the drawing-room. My heart fluttered with vague anxiety; but summoning all my courage, I entered, with eyes cast down. My uncle rose and presented me to the Count of Popoli, a young nobleman who had just inherited the rich domains of his father, the wealthiest lord in Naples. Imagine my astonishment when, on looking at, I beheld the rude and fierce Odoard, who, two years before, in that very apartment, had grossly insulted me, and who, coward-like, had wounded an unarmed man.
"The count politely saluted me, and then turned to my uncle, who, continuing a previous conversation, coldly said,
"Let it be so. In a fortnight my almoner will celebrate the marriage in the chapel of the castle."
"The count bowed and answered,
"As you wish, monsignore."
"Indignant at this tyranny, and convinced, that in the barter, my happiness was set at naught, I resolved in my mind never to become the Countess of Popoli.
"Carlo was calm and tranquil, and seemed to hope much from the means which he had devised to prevent my marriage. He had been always silent on the subject, but one day he came and confided all to me.
"I cannot save you," he said; "I cannot even die for my benefactor. I have been to the Count of Popoli and, without mentioning your name, I reminded him of the insult which he had offered me two years ago, at the same time demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman. I thought that he would accept, for they say he is brave, and then I should either have killed him or have fallen by his hand. I should either have prevented your misfortune, or I would not have been the witness of it; that was all that Carlo could have done for you! But he proudly refused me, asking me who I was. Who I was, signora, when it was a question of life and death! But I have consulted others, and it appears that he is right, that I, unknown, an orphan—perhaps a bastard—have no right to receive even death

at the hands of a noble lord! It seems that it is even a crime to aspire to that honor, for your uncle has dismissed me!"

"You, Carlo!"
"At this moment Theobaldo entered, and found us weeping.
"Yes, my children," said he, "you are very unhappy."
"And then he sought to impart to us the comfort which he himself did not feel, joining to the counsels of friendship the consolations of religion.
"For two days he employed himself in calming the despair of Carlo, who, a prey to the wildest rage, would listen to nothing. At last his anger was appeased, and he became as docile as a lamb, but so silent and gloomy, that he spoke neither to Theobaldo or myself. His mind seemed to be occupied by some sinister design, in the contemplation of which he appeared entirely to forget his friends. Meanwhile time passed quickly, and out of the fourteen days respite thirteen were already gone.
"Theobaldo came to me pale as death.
"Juanita," said he, "we must save Carlo. This morning he came to me, not as his friend, but as a minister of religion, and asked my benediction and absolution. I refused, because he is going to commit a crime!"
"A crime?"
"Yes, a crime which entails eternal damnation. He will be today a suicide."
"A suicide! And why?"
"Why?" rejoined Theobaldo, pressing my hand. "Why? How shall I tell you? But it is necessary—it is—"
"And speaking thus, his face became paler still.
"Continue, continue."
"Well, it is to me only that he confided his secret, and you were eternally to remain ignorant of his passion. He loves you, Juanita—he loves you madly! It is for this that he will kill himself; it is for this that he will go unannounced before his God!"
"Then may God pardon me, my father, for I have had the same thought."
"You, Juanita! You wish to die?"
"I did not answer."
"Then you love him also," whispered Theobaldo.
"I threw myself at his feet, weeping in misery. For a long time we were silent, then regarding me with a look of pity, Theobaldo said,
"My daughter, can I separate myself from you and bear singly all the misfortunes of the world? No. Promise me to renounce this idea of death, this culpable project which will for ever close to you the gates of that Heaven where I hope one day to rejoin you."
"But, my father, what can I do?"
"There is yet one course," replied he, with emotion; "if you love Carlo, if for him you will brave the anger of your uncle, the blame of the world, sorrow—perhaps misery."
"I am ready."
"Doubtless I am wrong in giving you this counsel, but your souls are in danger, and it is my duty to save you. May God pardon me this fault! Marry Carlo in secret at the altar."
"But who will expose himself to the rage of my uncle? Who will dare to unite us?"
"I will!"
"I could not express my gratitude.
"Why this surprise?" continue he. "Did not I say some two years ago that I, poor as I am, would protect you?"
"There was no time to lose; the next day was fixed for my marriage with the count. It was arranged that Carlo and myself should meet at midnight in the chapel of the castle, that Theobaldo should marry us, and the marriage ceremony pronounced, we should resign ourselves to the anger of my uncle, who could imprison and persecute, but never separate us."

"After dinner we were endeavoring to amuse ourselves in a room, the glass doors of which led into the garden. The Count of Popoli, seated at my feet, was as gallant as a mere hunter could be, and, no doubt, tried his best to be agreeable. In the midst of our conversation Carlo entered, and, in his eyes, lighted with joy and happiness, I divined that Theobaldo had forewarned him. He came to take leave of my uncle, for in the morning he was to leave the castle. Passing the count with a frigid bow, he approached me to say farewell.
"At midnight," said I, in a low voice.
"At midnight," replied he, pressing my hand.
"At this moment a servant entered, and informed him that a man wished to speak to him in the park. I could not recognize the face of the stranger, whose mien and gait were, however, familiar to me, and filled my mind with strange recollections. They conversed, and Carlo's gestures and air were full of so much agitation, that in spite of myself they filled me with vague forebodings, the more so that in the evening he did not return. But soon, thought I, soon will I know the cause of this visit. At last every one, to my great joy, retired. I remained in my room to pray, and, as the turret clock struck midnight, I was in the chapel. Some one had preceded me.
"Is it you, Carlo?" I asked.
"No, my daughter," answered a trembling voice. It was that of Theobaldo.

"We waited in vain; when the first rays of the rising sun appeared through the windows of the chapel, Carlo had not yet appeared.
"Days passed and he did not return. His mysterious and unforeseen disappearance terrified us. Had he been the victim of some snare or plot? Had our projects been discovered, and had the jealousy of a rival suborned assassins to take his life; or had the vengeance of the duke thrown him into a dungeon and deprived him of liberty? We passed our time in vain conjectures and useless researches, for all the inquiries of Theobaldo were fruitless and procured us no information. On the other hand, neither the Count of Popoli nor the Duke of Arcos seemed to have any suspicions. They showed no anger towards Theobaldo, did not prevent us from seeing each other, and although irritated by my delaying the marriage, they attributed it rather to repugnance than to a previous attachment. By the potency of tears and entreaties, I obtained three months' grace, swearing that at the end of that time I would obey. And when this period had passed, I in vain supplicated for a prolongation. I was forced to accede to the will of my uncle, to my sworn faith, and to my immutable destiny, before which mortal hands became powerless. My love was buried in the grave of forgetfulness, my heart had long been broken, my uncle gave away my hand, and I became Countess of Popoli."

"As if satisfied by this last act of tyranny, and as if he had only awaited this moment to leave the world, my uncle died, in the first year of my marriage, bequeathing to me all his wealth. No change took place in my fate—no news of Carlo. If, as we thought, he had been detained in prison, the death of his persecutor would have set him free; but no news ever came of him, and we were at last obliged to conclude that he was no more."

"And we wept and mourned for him, and in the park where we had so often conversed we raised a cenotaph to his memory, which, mysterious as his fate, bore neither name nor inscription; and by this tomb we came every day to kneel and pray for him."

"Three years of my married life passed away with a husband whose brutal tastes and passions ill-comported with my character. His heart, however, was better than I at first thought; most of his faults proceeded from his defective education. His selfishness and pride were the consequences of his ignorance, and when at last Theobaldo, with infinite address and patience, made him understand that he knew nothing, he began to have less confidence in himself and more in us. I often endeavored to soften that savage character, which did not always yield to my blandishments, and, witnesses of the violent scenes which occurred between us nearly every day, my neighbors pitied my lot and admired my resignation, which, in truth, was but indifference, for I was already too unhappy to entertain new griefs."

"Theobaldo's sadness increased constantly; it pained him to look at the castle, and even the air of the park seemed to affect him. Gloomy and taciturn, he devoted himself entirely to the duties of religion, passing days and nights at the foot of the altar, and avoiding every distraction except that of study. He was looked upon as a saint, and even my husband involuntarily respected his high virtue, which seemed to place him above mortal things. With me a smile illumined his features, but with others the stern face lost its brightness, and plainly showed that it was for my sake alone that he did not retire from the world."

"For several months the Count of Popoli had visited the neighboring gentlemen with more frequency than formerly, and they returned his calls in the same degree. On these occasions they had long and secret conferences, and at last, to my great surprise, my husband forsook the chase for other occupations. He gave me letters to write to the different German princes, and when their answers

arrived I was called upon to translate them; seemingly insignificant these missives had a hidden meaning which, however, I did not seek to discover."

"It was easy to see that my husband's mind was occupied by some deep project. He sometimes frowned, and, in fact, began to think. I remarked this to Theobaldo, who treated it as some freak of his imagination."

"One evening, however, Theobaldo came to me with an anxious air."

"Juanita," said he, "something extraordinary will soon take place; the cellar of the castle are full of arms."

"For hunting, most probably."

"No, they are destined for another purpose; and this evening, as I returned from the village where I had administered the sacrament to a dying person, I was stopped at the entrance to the wood by a man who kept his face concealed in the folds of his cloak. 'Sir almoner,' said he, 'leave the castle to-night with the countess; her life and liberty are in danger, and to-morrow it will be too late.' With these words he disappeared."

"He wished to frighten you."

"No, no," answered he, crossing himself; 'it seemed to me that I heard the voice of my beloved Carlo, who returns to save you.'

"Of Carlo? It is impossible!"

"I thought the same, and my heart beat with doubt; but when, as he pressed my hand on leaving, I cried 'Carlo! Carlo!' he passed and hesitated; then with a cry of grief he turned his head and disappeared."

"You cannot imagine the trouble which this recital caused me; but why leave the castle where so many would defend me? The advice appeared so absurd that I began to doubt the rest; that, however, I should have nothing whatever wherewith to reproach myself, I sent for my husband. He was not to be found. The clock struck midnight, and he was not yet at the castle. I gave orders to be informed of his return, but the count did not come back that night. I became anxious, and scarcely had the sun risen when I determined to send for him. The doors of the castle were guarded by Spanish soldiers; the officer presented himself to me, and respectfully said,

"Senora, I must fulfil a disagreeable duty; I have orders to arrest you."

"To arrest me?"

"You, the Countess of Popoli."

"And by what right?"

"In the name of the king."

"I was forced to submit, and, mounting the carriage which awaited me, I was taken to Castel Nuovo, where I was imprisoned. The count had been arrested during the night, at the house of one of his accomplices. I was ignorant of their crime, but I have learnt it since. It was this:

"The Count of Popoli, proprietor of an immense fortune, which that of the Duke of Arcos contributed to augment, was of the opinion that his name and riches entitled him to be at the head of the government. He never had the least idea that talents were of any account, and he consequently was indignant at the little importance which he enjoyed at the Court of Spain. He wished to be Viceroy of Naples, and yet he was shut up in his own castle. He considered himself a man of influence, and yet no one thought of him. Wounded in his self-love, he wished to render himself redoubtable to those who despised him, and therefore engaged to deliver to the Imperialists the kingdom of Naples, which at that time groaned under the weight of Spanish oppression. With this object he revealed his project to several gentlemen of the environs, of whom he thought himself the chief, but of whom he was, in fact, but a passive instrument; for, in case of success, they would have reaped all the benefits of the project, whilst he ran all the risks."

"The conspiracy was evident, the proofs numerous, and the judges unanimous. Public opinion, however, had such a slight estimation of the talents of the count, that the general impression was that the enterprise was of my origination. It was, they said, my influence and my counsels which had led him into a plot of such magnitude. The letters which I had written were produced as proofs against me, and judges less prejudiced than mine would have been convinced of my guilt. The result of the trial you well know; we were sentenced to death."

"Struck with pity for my youth, my judges dared to ask for mercy from the Court, but it had become impossible; for the people of Naples, regarding us as heroes and martyrs of liberty, raised an ineffectual revolt in our favor, and endeavored to break open our prison doors and set us at liberty. This outbreak had the effect of hastening the day of our execution; but on the one preceding that fixed for our death I asked two favors; first, that I might embrace my sister Isabella; second, that I might choose my confessor. They answered that one was at the door waiting to see me. He was Theobaldo."

"He entered with a joyful countenance."

"My friend, my father, to-morrow is the day of deliverance. I shall see him again."

"Not yet, my daughter," answered he, with a sad, expressive smile.

"And turning to the jailer, he delivered him a paper which the latter read, and, with an exclamation of surprise, let fall upon a table near which I stood. It contained these words:

"Your Majesty promised me yesterday to grant any favor which I might ask. I beg mercy for the Countess of Popoli and her husband."
CARLO BROSCI.

"A little lower the King had written—"

"Granted."

"We were liberated, but banished for ever from the kingdom, and obliged to leave it within twenty-four hours; in addition to these punishments all our estates were confiscated. The count busied himself with preparations, and I, full of joy, fear and surprise, interrogated Theobaldo."

"He lives?"

"Yes, signora. I have embraced him. It was he who wrote this paper—he who has never ceased to watch over you."

"And what has become of him? Why did he leave us? Why this silence as to his destiny?"

"Juanita, ask me nothing; I cannot answer you."

"You know, then, his secret?"

"Yes, he has revealed it to me—to me, Theobaldo, the priest, the minister of God, under the inviolable seal of confession."

"A single question—does he yet love me?"

"More than ever."

"Is he free?"

"He is, and will be always; he loves, and will love none other, than you. This," he continued, "I should not have told you, but you will understand that for his happiness, and for your own, he must not see you. I have commanded him, he has promised, to obey me, and he will keep his word."

"You are right; it is necessary."

"That night," said I, "that night, when you should have united us, was he forced to absent himself by violence?"

"No; of his own free will, obliged only by honor and duty."

"One more question, Theobaldo. In his place, would you have done the same?"

"Yes, signora."

"Then you approve of his conduct then as now; of his absence, his silence, and the mystery with which he surrounds himself?"

"I do."

"Now I am happy. Like him, Theobaldo, I will be worthy of your teachings; I will be faithful to honor and to duty."

"The Count of Popoli entered, the vessel was ready and we were obliged to go. My days of exile commenced. Farewell, my country, I wept I, when parting, 'farewell, beautiful sky of Naples, and everything I love!'"

"And the vessel carried us away; we, poor exiles, banished for ever from the land of our birth. Banished! The word echoed in my ears above the roar of the waves and the cries of the sailors. And I saw the shores recede slowly from my view, and on that shore my dear, my only friend, Theobaldo, waving his handkerchief in token of adieu. When the last trace of his form was obliterated, I felt alone in the world."

"In adversity, we have always the courage to suffer with those whom we love, but it is a cruel fate to share misfortune with one to whom we are indifferent. I was obliged to suffer all the complaints, all the ill-humor, even the reproaches of the count; for he reproached me with everything, even with a misery which, although I had never known it, we were soon to become acquainted with."

"We sought a refuge in England, and we arrived there without

letters, without resources, without money. Our estates had been confiscated, and we were penniless. And think of my terror, when, in the inn where we had been staying, the host presented a bill, which even the sale of my jewels would not enable us to pay. We were on the point of being ignominiously turned away, forced to go without shelter and without bread, when a letter arrived for the Count of Popoli, in which an old debtor of the Duke of Arcos took this opportunity of remitting to his niece the sum of £10,000, which he had owed to him for many years.

"The count regarded this money as fallen from Heaven, whilst I, who had but one friend on earth, divined, without effort, the name of this generous being who veiled his bounty beneath the mask of indebtedness.

"Avoiding the large towns, we resolved to fix our residence in the country, the air of which was necessary to recruit my feeble health. The count commissioned an agent to find us a modest and agreeable house, and an opportunity soon occurred. A charming country-seat, in the suburbs of London, was to let; the locality suited my taste, it was elegantly furnished, and surrounded by a magnificent park, and all at a very low price. A nobleman, on the eve of departure for the Continent, wished to find a tenant, and we immediately closed with his offer. My husband was enchanted with the mansion, and the admiration which I at first felt was changed to astonishment at finding a boudoir furnished exactly like the one I occupied at Arcos. A similar piano, my favorite authors and my own books had been gathered and placed there by a generous hand, to afford me, in my exile, the memory of happier days, and the souvenirs of my country.

"Thanks, Carlo!" I murmured, as I secretly kissed them all. Several weeks passed in pleasant repose and sweet solitude for me, but in insupportable ennui for my husband, who regretted his forests and hunting-parties. An active life suited him best. To do him justice, he was brave, and, banished for ever from his country, he resolved to enter the English service. With this object he requested a commission from the ministers, who refused it. As a last resort, I resolved to see the queen, who received me with kindness, but at the same time expressed her regret that it was impossible for the English monarch to countenance an exile from the Court of Spain.

"At this moment the king was announced, and George II. appeared, resting on the arm of a young and handsome cavalier, and I could hardly repress a cry of surprise in recognising in him my long-lost Carlo. On seeing me his face turned ashy pale, and he leaned against the sofa for support. The queen took him kindly by the hand, and said,

"Be seated, Carlo."

"He bowed respectfully, and remained where he stood, continuing to regard, but not addressing me. I took leave of their majesties, and returned home trembling with anxiety. I found the Count of Popoli impatiently waiting to learn the result of my mission. I told him of my ill-success, and had hardly ended when a carriage drove up to the house. The door was thrown open, and Carlo entered.

"Signor," said he to the count, "I owe more than I can ever repay to the Duke of Arcos and his niece. Certain circumstances have given me some influence at court, which I have endeavored to exert in your favor. An honorable station in the English army is given to you, for the brave are citizens of the world," said his majesty, signing your commission. I am happy that, in presenting it to you, I have an opportunity of expressing my regrets for the faults of my youth, and I beg of you to forget them."

"There was so much frankness and good will in his tone that the count, no longer master of his feelings, cordially pressed his hand, and said,

"It is I, signor, who must apologise. Give me your hand and your friendship, for henceforth you have mine."

"From that day Carlo became a frequent visitor at our house.

"I have sworn to Theobaldo," said he, "never to speak of my love, and I will keep my oath; but I have also sworn to watch over you, to protect you, and to consecrate my life to you. I am your friend, your brother; I ask but to see you, for to live without seeing you is death."

"Every day Carlo came to our house, but, faithful to his vow, he always chose the hours when my husband was at home, and none but myself could imagine what passed in his heart; never a word, never a glance, to tell his love, but by that emotion which betrays itself to anxious, watching eyes, by the changing of his features, by the secret passion which consumed him, I could imagine his torments. Without doubt they were great, but they succumbed before his mighty courage.

"From some words which he dropped, and from what Theobaldo had told me, I gathered that on the eve of our union an imperious and sacred duty had called him away. He returned loving and free, but I was already the wife of another, for ever beyond his hopes. Once or twice, in the absence of my husband, his emotion mastered him; he could hardly speak, and I, more troubled and anxious than himself, sought to lead the conversation to another topic, but, impelled by a secret curiosity, I always came back to the period of our separation.

"Was not this stranger with whom you conversed the cause of your sudden departure?"

"Yes; for him and by him was all my happiness destroyed, then was I obliged to leave you; then, in my grief and despair, I found consolation and oblivion but only in my books and studies. Those talents, which I owe to you, have opened a career to which I had never before directed my thoughts; they have led me to an honorable fortune. Your friend, and the friend of Theobaldo, has never ceased to be honorable, for, had it been otherwise, he would never have dared to raise his eyes to the face of her whom he adores and loves—no, whom he respects and reveres, and who is lost to him for ever."

"He buried his face in his hands to conceal his tears.

"Carlo, a secret weighs upon you."

"Yes; a secret which will kill me."

"Am I not worthy to know this secret which you have already confided to Theobaldo?"

"He looked at me with terror.

"Are you then ignorant," continued I, "that I am as devoted to you as Theobaldo is—that I love you as much as he—a thousand times more? You have, perhaps heard that I have energy, that I have courage, that the sight of an approaching scaffold could not terrify me, and you think that a secret upon which hangs your destiny cannot be confided to me? Theobaldo guards it for his love to God; I will guard it for my love to you, and the axe of the executioner shall not exact it from me!"

"A flush of happiness brightened in his eyes—it faded.

"Juanita, as you love me, ask me not for this secret; the day that you know it I shall be no more amongst the living."

"At this moment my husband returned from court, where he had applied for an exchange into a regiment serving in Hanover. His request had been immediately granted, and he enjoyed such high favor, that an invisible power seemed to protect him; but although I had many times mentioned the name of Carlo Broschi, no one had ever heard of such a person.

"One day a man asked the porter whether Signor Broschi would be at the house, as he had inquired inquired at his hotel without success, and it was absolutely necessary that he should see him. As I expected Carlo that day, I asked the visitor to wait. He was a well-dressed man, advanced in years, with an immense peruke, which reminded me of my old music-master. He spoke of Carlo with an expression of joy and pride; he was his idol, his god—there lived none to be compared to him! Suddenly he stopped in the midst of his praises, as if afraid that his enthusiasm would lead him into difficulties.

"I cannot speak," said he, "but you should know him as I do; you should but witness his goodness, his beneficence, his charity. Modest and gentle, rich yet humble, he is kindness itself; he would cause pain to none except, perhaps—"

"And the old man shed a tear, and the more I listened the more it seemed to me that the voice was not a strange one; it brought back faint memories of a happier time.

"At this moment Carlo entered, and his face flushed with anger when he saw the stranger.

"You here," he cried; "who permitted you to come?"

"I wished but to see you a moment, Carlo; it is so long since I have had that happiness."

"What do you want? I have given you a pension. Do you wish more?"

"No, you know well that I would not ask that."

"It shall be doubled provided you depart instantly—and keep for ever from my sight."

"I must see you at least once every year."

"Be it so, but depart instantly."

"I obey, Carlo," said the stranger, sadly; "to me alone you are very cruel, but I do not complain, for one day you will do me justice. Farewell, then, for a year—farewell, I will pray for you."

"He left the room and Carlo threw himself on a sofa furious with rage.

"Carlo, who is this stranger?"

"What, señora, have you not recognized him?"

"No."

"He is my father."

"Your father!" cried I; "this Gherardo Broschi? Let him return; let me see him once more."

"I opened the window to call him back, but Carlo prevented me. I saw the old man walk slowly through the park, and the recollections of old times came back to me."

"He is the stranger who spoke to you on that fatal night at Arcos."

"It is he! Ten years before he had gone to Saint Petersburg, where he became music-master and confidant of the Empress Catherine. She employed him in intrigues which the Czar discovered, and Peter banished him to Siberia. He remained there seven years, unable to send any intelligence to Arcos, and at length escaping, arrived in Naples on that fatal night."

"And why are you, so well disposed towards all the world, so harsh towards him?"

"Carlo answered not."

"Why do you refuse to see him?"

"Why?" repeated he, gloomily. "Why? because I will not be a parricide. Yes, it is horrible, and for that reason I have banished him from my presence. It makes me very unhappy, but it is better so."

"He bowed his head and was silent."

"Some days afterwards we received a very unexpected visit. As we were all seated at breakfast a servant announced to Carlo that the Bishop of Nola wished to speak to him."

"He is in England! What can he want here? Why does he not enter? Is he afraid to find himself again amongst his friends?"

"Theobaldo entered; my husband was surprised."

"Is it possible?" cried he; "our old almoner already a high dignitary of the church?"

"He approached and saluting the bishop, said,

"It seems, Signor Theobaldo, that you have pushed your way."

"Not by my merit nor by my talents, but by the influence of friends."

"Who have kept their promises," I added.

"Not wholly," rejoined he, and then turning to Carlo, said,

"I must speak with you."

"Later, monsignore; we have time."

"Not at all; we must depart to-day."

"Why?"

"For important reasons which I will afterwards tell you."

"Let us not disturb your interview," said the count, "my library is at your service." And opening a side door, the two friends entered. A few moments afterwards my husband left the house and I was alone.

"How shall I describe to you the terrible temptation that seized me. Carlo and Theobaldo were in the next room conversing, most probably of the great secret on which depended our fate. Their friendship alone had spared me the revelation which they knew would make me unhappy. Should I not then deprive them of the pain of revealing it to me, and lighten the burthen by dividing it? It was a privilege to which my friendship gave me a right, and, as if drawn on by iron hands, I approached the door. Pale and scarcely daring to breathe, I listened."

"Their voices were audible only at intervals; I had lost the beginning of the conversation."

"Yes," said Theobaldo, "for your happiness, and above all for hers, you swore never to see her again."

"I cannot keep my oath—I love her more than ever."

"For her sake then, if not for yours. You compromise all that remains to her, even her reputation, which it is the sacred duty of her friends to protect."

"You speak truly, but I love her—adore her with a passion which your frozen heart can never comprehend."

"So," cried Theobaldo, raising his voice in anger, "so for this insensate, criminal worship you will sacrifice gratitude and duty."

"Duty?"

"Yes, the king is sick and recalls you. His life, which you have once saved, is again in danger, and have you forgot both your oaths and your benefactor?"

"But Juanita is my soul—my life."

"I pity you, Carlo, but when duty call me I am always ready. I leave to—dry, and you will follow me."

"I cannot."

"You will follow me."

"A few days more."

"This instant."

"Never."

"You must—I will force you."

"I defy you."

"Well, then, it is my duty to save at least one of you. I shall tell all to Juanita."

"I heard him approach the door."

"I obey," said Carlo, gloomily. "I will leave England. Give me but one hour with her, and then I will follow you."

"One hour! be it so."

"At the end of that time I will meet you."

"No, I will call for you."

"They left the library; Theobaldo took leave of us and Carlo was alone with me."

"The conversation which I had heard, although very obscure, had taught me the secret of his fortune and power. It seemed that the life of his king had been in danger, and that he by his skill had saved it. Had he not told me that study and labor had opened to him a new career, and from what I knew of his love for science, the art of medicine was the one in which he had most probably attained a high station. But why conceal his success from me, who would have been as proud of it as himself or Theobaldo. It seemed to me inexplicable, and I determined to unravel the mystery."

"He stood before me with a sad and embarrassed air, hesitating how to announce the news of his departure. I came to his aid."

"Pardon me, Carlo, forgive the indiscretion of which I have been guilty. I wished to know your secret—I have heard everything."

"At these words a deathly paleness overspread his countenance, his features became livid, and he fell at my feet insensible. Losing all presence of mind, I knelt beside him."

"Carlo," I cried, "Carlo, hear me and return to life; hear that I love you."

"A light sigh breathed through his lips; he yet lived."

"I opened the windows, and the pure, fresh air came rushing in and revived him."

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Near me, near your friend, who begs pardon and forgiveness."

"And I narrated to him how I had listened and all that I had heard. As I spoke the paleness of his cheeks gave way to the returning blood, and bathed in my tears, feeling the throbbings of my heart which told him both of my love and my fears, he cried:

"Angels of Heaven! is it you that call me and lift me into Paradise?"

"No, no," I answered, "that pure and noble soul must remain on earth; it belongs to us."

"Yes, you speak truly; it belongs to you more than to myself; for it is you alone who can bid my heart beat, or cause it to cease its pulsations; it is you alone who can give me life, or condemn me to death. Oh! Juanita! you know not what I have suffered. To live near you, intoxicated with your smiles, to be consumed by love without daring to express it, are terrible torments, and these torments I have borne every day, every hour, every minute, and even now I cannot renounce them, I cannot leave you or I will die!"

"He was at my feet, covering my hands with kisses. The Count of Popoli entered, and in a moment their sobs were crossed."

"Listen to me, count," said Carlo; "your wife is innocent. I swear it before God."

"Then justify yourself before him," cried my husband, furiously commencing the attack."

"Carlo held himself on the defensive, but the count, in making a fierce thrust, lost his balance, and thrown on the point of his adversary's sword, fell mortally wounded. At this moment Theobaldo entered the room, and at a glance took in the whole scene."

"Fly," said he to Carlo, "fly, if not for your safety, for the honor of Juanita."

"And who can now save that honor?" asked I.

"I can!" answered Theobaldo.

"And he hastened to my husband, who had crawled to the bell and pulled the cord. As Carlo left the room the servants came rushing in; they saw their master stretched upon the floor, weltering in blood, Theobaldo sustaining him, and I at his feet, fainting with fear and grief, and like faithful followers they lavished on him all their care."

"Go," said he, "call a magistrate."

"Execute the order of your master," said Theobaldo, seeing that they hesitated, "and leave us."

"They left the room, and Theobaldo approaching the count, said:

"What is your intention, signor?"

"To charge the laws with the execution of my vengeance; to denounce the murderer and his accomplice, so that those who have betrayed and dishonored me shall, in their turn, meet with a shameful and dishonorable end; and finally that they shall not have occasion to rejoice in my death; that they shall never find the opportunity to unite themselves in bonds stained by my blood."

"And how will God judge, before whom you will soon appear? What will He say if you have accused the innocent, and calumniated the wife who has always been faithful to you?"

"It is in vain to deceive me!" answered the count.

"Heaven attest that I speak the truth. I swear it at your dying bed, and before God who hears me."

"And I will not believe your oath."

"At this moment the servants returned."

"I am lost," I cried.

"Not whilst I live," answered Theobaldo, and kneeling beside the dying man, he whispered a few words in his ear. Then the Count of Popoli, rising from the floor, addressed those around him."

"Gentlemen, I declare that I have been honorably wounded by Signor Carlo Broschi, in a duel, which I provoked, and I request you and my wife, whose love and fidelity I well know, not to prosecute or disquiet any person on account of my death. Now, my father, bless me!"

"May God receive thee into his bosom, my son," said Theobaldo, commencing the prayers of the church. A smile of joy lit up the face of the count, and pressing my hand, he spoke his last words."

"Forgive me."

"And the soul of my husband fled to Heaven."

CHAPTER IV.

"I PASSED the first months of my widowhood in England, where I contracted the germs of that disease which now allows me no rest. I took but little notice of my illness, until one day I received a letter from Carlo—the first which he had sent me since his departure. He said that Theobaldo had forbidden him to write, but that he had heard that I was ill and suffering, and he could no longer be silent."

"The climate of England does not suit you," he continued, "you need milder and softer weather, and for the benefit of your health you must live beneath the beautiful sun of Naples. I would not have you come to Arcos, which might recall painful recollections, but to Sorrento, where I have hopes that the charming scenery and sweet air of your native land will aid in your recovery."

"Enclosed in the letter was a decree of the king, recalling my sentence of banishment, and annulling the confiscation of my estates. I was no more an exile; but rich and happy, happier still in owing my restoration to the friend of my childhood. I consumed but little time in preparation, but embarked almost immediately, and after a pleasant voyage once more set foot upon the soil of Sorrento, where my uncle had bequeathed me a magnificent estate. Intoxicated with joy, I looked upon my reacquired possession; imagine how my happiness was increased when I found Carlo awaiting me. But sadness was imprinted on his countenance. I attributed his melancholy to my sickness, and endeavored to cheer him with the prospect of curing me."

"You are mistaken in imagining me so learned," said he.

"How," cried I, "are you not a celebrated physician?"

"No; of all the sciences, medicine is the only one which I envy, for it deprives me of the happiness of attending on you."

"I soon improved under the care of a distinguished physician, and Carlo ascribed my rapid cure to the science of the doctor."

"No," said I, "I owe this change to you and your presence."

"And truly my life had never before been so cheerful and happy. Secure in the certainty of my love, Carlo never spoke to me of his hopes, and my reserve fully equalled his. Had I need to say, 'This heart belongs to thee?' Could I give away that which I had not? But a few months more of silence and constraint, and the days of my widowhood would expire; then that love, which now seemed a crime, would become a duty."

"We had no need of words to understand each other, and our days flowed by in one tranquil stream of happiness. My fears and anxieties were all dissipated; the future had blotted out the past, and although Carlo had revealed nothing, it seemed to me that there was no more mystery between us. What could I ask of him? He loved me; what mattered the rest?"

"As in the days of our youth we had again commenced our long walks. His conversation, always so attractive, had now become grave and instructive. Educated in retirement, I knew nothing of the world's unceasing agitation, and Carlo initiated me in all the great events which were then absorbing Europe. He spoke to me of its principal sovereigns, and portrayed their features, their character and their politics, as if he had been their confidant. He explained to me how they were endeavoring to draw Spain into new struggles, more glorious, but in the end less advantageous, than the peace which she then enjoyed, and which was necessary to heal her yet bleeding wounds. He showed me how that peace would enable her to gain more respect and power than the fortunate issue of a long and expensive war."

"You would make a very able minister, Carlo," said I.

"Heaven forbid! Power is far from happiness, and true happiness, for me, exists only near you."

"Then pressing my hands, he gazed delightedly upon the beautiful bay of Naples, whose waves washed the sands at our feet."

"It is here," cried he, "upon the shores of Sorrento, that Tasso first saw light; it is here that he loved, and here alas, that he suffered!"

"And yielding to his enthusiasm, he spoke of the divine Tasso, of his glory and his misfortunes, and his harmonious voice sounded in my ears like the verses of the poet whom he praised. And I listened and admired, glorious and proud of him and of his love."

"We passed our evenings in a pavilion on the seashore, half library and half music saloon. I played on the piano, and Carlo accompanied me. He possessed a talent which I had never suspected; he played the harp with such perfection that I would often stop in the midst of a piece to listen to its melting tones, his performance often moving me to tears; and sometimes he himself, mastered by his inspiration, deeply felt the sentiment with which he imbued the chords. At such times I saw him with his head bowed, the harp escaping from his hands, and his countenance bathed in tears which he hastened to conceal by a forced smile, and then suddenly to drown his secret sorrow, he would commence a gay barcarolle."

"I had remarked that for some weeks his habitual melancholy had increased, and I often surprised him in moments of extreme sadness. In two months the term of my probation would expire, and I would be again free. What could trouble him? He had received several letters which seemed to preoccupy his mind, and notwithstanding his reserve, I resolved to speak to him about them."

"You are right," said he; "your heart has divined the cause of my grief. I must leave you, Juanita; I shall be away a whole month without seeing you. Can you imagine my sorrow?"

"Yes, by comparing it with my own. But why leave me?" I saw by his expression that I could not know.

"I ask you to reveal no secrets until the day when they will become mine."

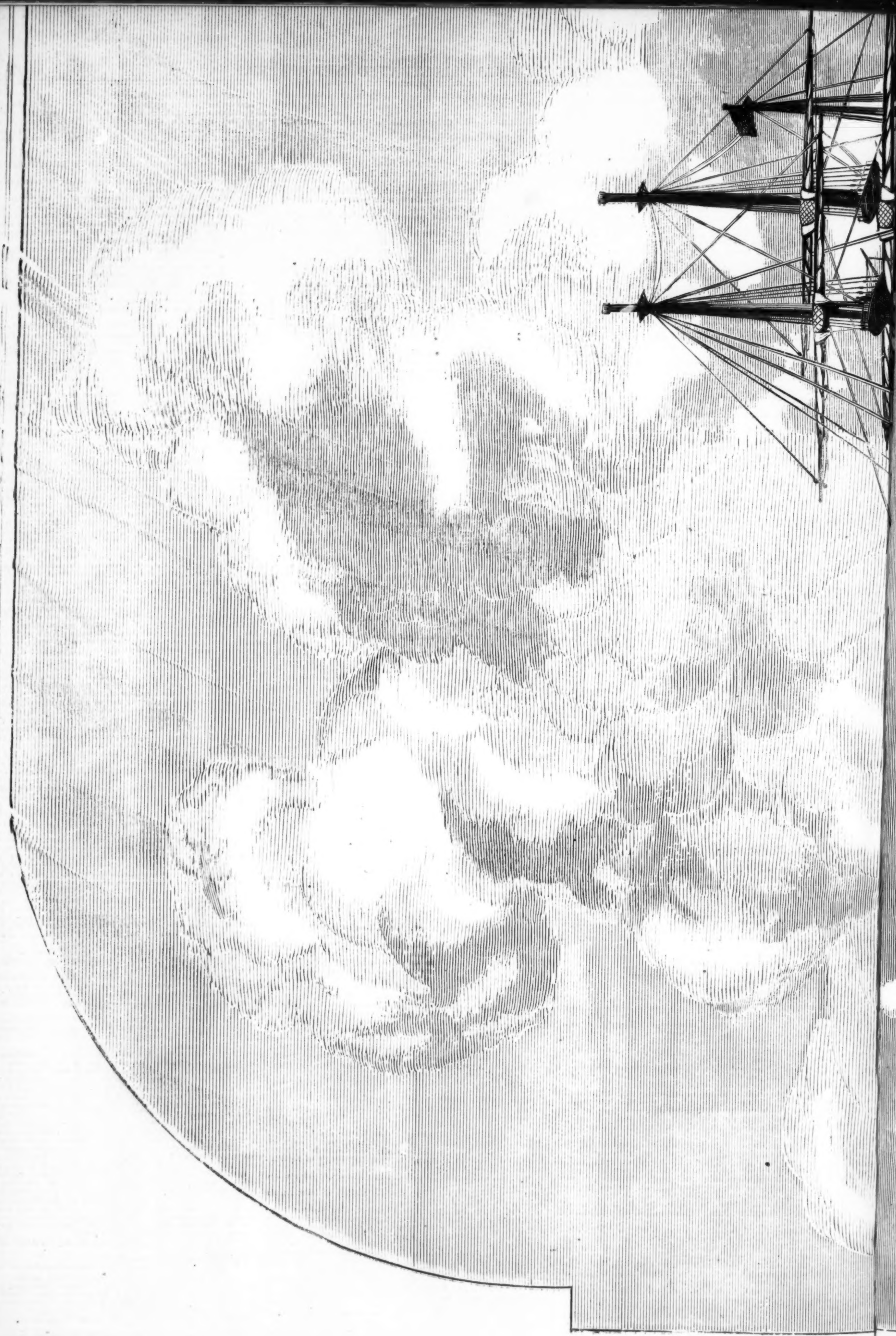
"He hesitated, and I hastened to add,

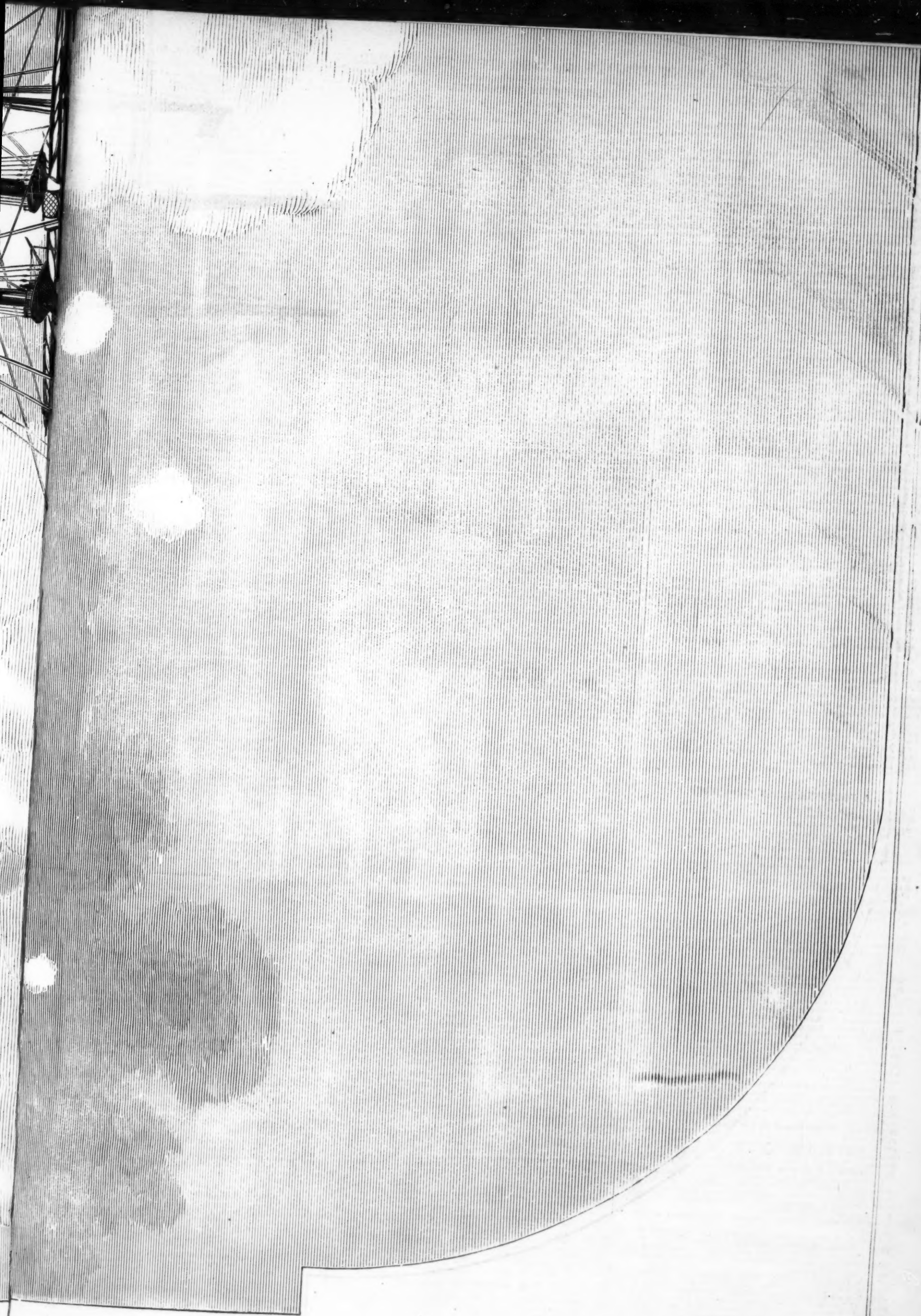
"Until then, and even then, it is for you to command and for me to obey. Depart then, if it is unavoidable, but if I am dear to you, give me soon again the happiness which I feel in your presence."

"He swore to return within a month and departed. I now found great difficulty in passing my time and creating new amusements; in a word, I entered into a new existence. Those retreats formerly so beautiful and agreeable, now spoke to me of his absence and my unhappiness."

"I had not yet thanked Ferdinand for his pardon, and as the voyage offered a distraction from the usual routine of my recreations, I resolved to meet the Spanish Court at Sevilla. In order to be well acquainted with the estates and titles which the king had rendered to me, I searched all the deeds relating to them which were deposited

(Continued on page 30.)





CARLO BROSCI.

(Continued from page 27.)

in Carlo's room. Amongst other papers was one which immediately struck my eye; it was the fragment of a torn letter, and contained these words in Theobaldo's handwriting:

"To what do you aspire? What do you wish, madman? Six months of happiness and then die! Die, ingrate—and she—for I speak no more of myself!"

"The words, although incomprehensible, filled me with vague terror, and I embarked on my voyage with a presentiment of misfortune. The wind was favorable, and we arrived at Carthage without accident. The presence of the king, who had just passed through the place, gave the town an air of rejoicing, and the festive scene, joined to my need of repose, determined me to stop there for a day. I took rooms at an inn, a few doors from the cathedral, and had been but a few moments installed in my new lodgings when a sumptuous procession passed, escorting the Cardinal Bibbiena to divine service.

"That is he," said a neighbor, in answer to my question. "I looked in the direction indicated, and casting my eyes upon the holy minister, was thunderstruck.

"Theobaldo," I cried involuntarily. "Yes," said my former interlocutor, hearing the exclamation, "Theobaldo Cecchi, Bishop of Nola, and Cardinal Bibbiena, the youngest and last appointed of the college. It was the queen's influence which obtained for him this high honor, and his piety and talents have found but their just reward."

"I was astounded; all that I had heard and seen seemed to me but a dream.

"The next day I took the road to Seville, and travelled without delay until the last post, where I was unable to procure fresh horses; four alone remained, and they had been previously engaged for a distinguished person who travelled incognito. I was obliged to stop, and as the heat was stifling and the dust rose in clouds, I drew down the blinds of my carriage and waited patiently for the relays which the host had sent for. Suddenly I heard the postilion's whip, and raising the curtain, I noticed a light English calèche at the door. I cannot point to you my surprise when, on looking at the occupants, I saw Carlo and a beautiful young lady. Her dress was plain, but her manners denoted a person of education and rank; as to her features, they were given on my heart from that moment, and even now I can picture them. In a few moments the travellers departed, and fresh relays arriving some time afterwards, I was enabled to follow them. Whilst the postilion harnessed the horses, I asked the host whether he knew the persons who had just left.

"No, señora," said he, "but they are rich, for they pay well; husband and wife without doubt."

"Or something of that sort," replied a muleteer, with a malignant smile.

"Why do you think so?"

"By our lady of Atocha! people don't always travel thus *tit-to-tit*; besides the lady *tut-tut* her companion."

"Really," said I, in a calm voice, but with a breaking heart.

"Yes," she said to him, "Carlo, what thinkest thou of this dust? It seems to me that, like the gods, we travel in a cloud."

"Enough," said I, "let us go."

"I arrived at Seville more dead than alive. The muleteer conducted me to the Spanish Arms, the handsomest hotel in the city. When I entered the rich apartment which had been assigned to me, the first object which attracted my attention was a portrait splendidly framed. It was the unknown companion of Carlo.

"Who is that woman?" I asked of the hostess.

"She bowed respectfully and replied,

"Is it possible that the señora does not recognize her majesty the queen?"

"The queen!"

"Yes; the fortune and influence of Carlo, the mystery which surrounded him, the secret on which his life and liberty depended, his sadness and remorse—all, all was now explained. Overcome by my feelings I fainted, and on returning to consciousness I learnt that I had been sick for a week, and that meanwhile the king had left Seville. Notwithstanding the reserve which I wished to maintain, I spoke to every one of the queen, and all told me that she was a model of goodness and benevolence, sharing with her husband the cares of state, and cheering with her love his hours of leisure. Trembling lest I should reveal the secret which I possessed, I spoke of Carlo. No one had ever heard the name, and in Spain as in England none knew Carlo Broschi.

(To be continued.)

A FORTUNE-HUNTER OUTWITTED.

"All that night, as I lay in bed," continued my father, "I did nothing but think upon my heiress. If she had been better looking, she would have pleased me better, thought I; but she is not, and it's no use grieving. I shall have the golden saive that will cure many a wound. That proud young minx, Lucy, will repent when she sees who takes me up. Ah! it's worth while being an officer and a gentleman; it's worth fifty thousand pounds to me.

"I went to sleep in these pleasant dreams, and woke at *reveille* in great spirits. When I came on parade, who should come up to me but Lieutenant Jackson, the officer who was talking about her at the mess.

"Why, Smooth," says he, "you've put out Thomson's light, and no mistake."

"What d'ye mean, lieutenant?" says I.

"The Irish heiress," said he. "Thomson is as wild as can be; but I'll tell ye what, be quick about it. Many and many have gone as far as you have, but then in comes the mother and breaks it off."

"Mrs. Mulveny received me very well," I answered.

"Yes, so she does for a time—that's her cunning. However, you know how to pay the game better than I can tell you; go in and win. She is sweet (in you, I know; but she is precious vicious, as we say of a mare. You're a bold man to tackle her, I can tell you."

"I looked into his eyes as he said this, and saw a kind of twinkle in them that I did not like. He is playing false, thought I, but he will be cleverer than he is if he jockeys Captain Smooth."

"To make matters short, in spite of the opposition of the mother, in spite of want of money, which I had to get by borrowing it on my commission—in spite of all, I was married to the girl Horatia Mulveny, your mother, Plantagenet, within a month of the day I first set eyes on her. All the officers crowded round me, and complimented me, even Thomson and Jackson did; and they did it, too, in a manner I did not very much like. However, I had won the prize, and what cared I?"

"The money which I had borrowed served me for about a week—not more—after our wedding; for we went to Paris, and I had determined to treat my wife as a fifty thousand pounder should be treated. But it came to pass that upon the morning of the day we had married we run short for cash. I had been very affectionate to your mother, and I thought it high time to speak. After a few endearments, which all women like, and the ugly ones especially, I turned out my purse with my last ten sovereigns in it, and said, 'My dear madam, I have not brought much money with me, the rest is at my bankers' in London; I wish you would oblige me with a hundred or so, we shall want to go on to Lyons, and thence to—'

"Mr. Smooth," she cried, 'Captain Smooth,' she was turning red and white by turns, 'I've been practising a little —.' She burst into tears at this point, and seemed to threaten hysterics.

"A little what, my dear?" said I, a horrible suspicion flashing all at once on me; 'speak, Horatia!'

"A little deceit, my dear; I am not such a fortune as mamma gave out."

"I fell back upon my seat, and scrambled the ten guineas into my purse. 'Good God, madam, what have you done!'

"Done!" she said, with a whimper; 'done, I've married the man I loved—the man who is a gentleman of birth and fortune, and who has married me for love.'

"For the devil," cried I, "what is this—what is your fortune?" She did not answer, but burst into a terrible fit of crying. I had never seen a woman so put to it before. 'Don't do that any more, you fool,' I shouted, for her paroxysm terrified me beyond myself.

"Answer!" I threw a cup of hot tea into her face in my terror, and she fell back on the sofa in hysterics. I rang the bell, the waiting-maid came up, I explained that madam was ill, and put on my hat and walked out."

Why is W. H. Russell like the Mississippi River? Because he runs down a great country.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

THE bewildered reader of the daily papers will appreciate the following hit at the "Special Correspondence" and "Telegraphic from Washington," which are served up to him with his breakfast. It is from the *Warsaw New Yorker*:

"We have means of knowing that our troops in and about Washington number 201,977, mostly men, women or children. But, should the number fall below this, it can readily be increased, in the course of time, from the Northern or Christian States. There are several cannon, if not more, in the possession of this *grande armée* (French). Perhaps these may be used, as likely as not, against the rebels, if they knock many more chips from the shoulders of Major-General George B. McClellan. He has a piercing gray eye, of a mild blue color, and a slight moustache, on his upper lip, of hair. Being a man of indomitable energy, he usually gets up before breakfast. It is probable that the men are in good condition, and the country need not be surprised to hear, at any time, that they have good appetites, which augurs well for the great, good cause. "Mac" remarked the other day, in his wonderfully terse manner, that he would willingly live five years beyond his allotted time if the rebels would only give him a good chance to whip them soundly. This, of course, indicates a speedy advance, as we have constantly predicted for weeks. And, mark our words! if we don't whip them next time, they will, in all probability, beat us again.

"Thus, as we have shown, the prospects are golden. We have means of knowing that the plan (suggested by us) is as follows—although, according to agreement, we must request our readers not to mention it. The great Naval Expedition is to proceed to Florida, and break off that doomed peninsula State from the main land of Secession, and tow it around and place it in the mouths of the Mississippi! Talk of your paper blockades!—this will dam up the aged Parent of Waters, and the "back water" will overflow and drown out Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. It will be accomplished under direction of General Surlch. A force of 100,000 men will also leave for the Pacific coast, and, marching via California, Pike's Peak, Kansas, Missouri and Kentucky, enter Virginia and attack the rebel army in the rear. If both these two plans fail, either the slaves will be declared free, or the masters declared slaves. Meanwhile it is highly probable that Fremont, being so far removed from the influence of New York papers, will lose Missouri. If he hasn't had men and arms and transportation enough, of course he's no General. We expect that he'll take care of every point in Missouri, drive back all troops from Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, and at the same time give us a lift in Kentucky and Washington. And he has no right to make a blunder or meet with disaster; if he does, supersede him, and put him to school on the Potomac, where such things are unknown.

"In conclusion, we may say that we should not be surprised to learn that something will turn up somewhere sometime. We aren't inclined to particularize; but the country may expect whatever events things may seem to warrant in the direction indicated, &c. And in any event, and under all circumstances, we hope, should nothing prevent, that this will prove true; we shall see what we shall see, be the same more or less."

THE TWO GENERALS.

MR. RUSSELL, the American correspondent of the *London Times*, publishes the following contrast between Major-General McClellan and the rebel Beauregard:

"When I had the pleasure of conversing with Gen. McClellan for the first time he asked me several questions, with evident interest and friendly curiosity—not unusual on the part of Generals in reference to their antagonists—respecting Gen. Beauregard. In his case there was all the more reason for such inquiries, in the fact that they were old fellow-students and class-mates. To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. They are both squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thin-ribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to *embonpoint*, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McClellan's temper requires a full share of rest; both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine, and, if not melancholy, is of a grim gravity; McClellan is genial even in his reserve. The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClellan is fair complexioned. Beauregard has a dark, dull student's eye, the dulness of which arises, however, from his formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep, clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not haughty, but folding arm, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, 'Don't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements.' McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafty, and astute; McClellan is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressive. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove that he is a great general. The former only looks to military consequences, and disregards popular manifestations; the latter respects the opinions of the outer world, and sees political as well as military results in what he orders. They are both the creatures of accident, so far as their present positions are concerned. It remains to be seen if either can control the current of events, and if in either the artilleryman or the cavalry officer of the old United States army there is the stuff around which history is moulded, such as that of which the artilleryman of Brienne or the leader of the Ironsides was made."

THE STORY OF PRINCE IVAN OF RUSSIA.

THE fortress of Schlusberg, on Lake Ladoga, in Russia, is pointed out to curious travellers as the scene of one of the most fearful and touching episodes of Russian history, which may be told in a very few words. There was a Prince Ivan Antonovitch, born in 1740, a half-brother of Peter the Great. He was emperor a few years, when he was deposed and sent to the south. A monk tried to make a reaction in his favor, but was unsuccessful, and from Smolensk, whither he had hastened, the unhappy Ivan, lately the envied emperor of a quarter of the globe, was for greater security carried to Schlusberg, and there lodged in a casemate of the fortress, the very loophole of which was immediately blocked up. He was never after brought out into the open air, and the only light his eyes saw was that of his dungeon lamp. Yet he was the rightful emperor of Russia, and suffered only because of the accident of his birth. The Emperor Peter III. and the Empress Elizabeth and Catherine II. both visited him in his prison, and though it is said that Elizabeth wept manifold tears at his misfortune and sad condition, yet she was not sufficiently moved to release him. Catherine II. caused it to be announced that he was a hopeless idiot, yet the people had not forgotten him, nor were they altogether satisfied with the usurpers of his throne. He was a great trouble to the empresses, but they hardly dared to kill him.

A young officer of the fortress, named Mirovitch, at last determined to make an effort for the release of Ivan, and persuaded two or three soldiers to join him. Ivan's chamber was guarded by eight soldiers, but at night they were surprised and overcome; but at this juncture Mirovitch's half-dozen adherents became frightened. To reassure them he drew from his pocket and read a forged decree of the Senate, recalling Prince Ivan to the throne, and excluding Catherine on account of her alleged marriage with a Pole. The soldiers believed Mirovitch, and they all prepared to batter down the door, when suddenly it opened from the inside. Mirovitch looked in and saw two men standing over a bloody corpse. The men were officers in charge of the prince, and had received orders to assassinate him should there be any attempt made for his release, and the dead body of the unfortunate Ivan showed how faithfully they had performed their murderous commands. Mirovitch at once saw that his game was over, threw himself on the body of Ivan, exclaiming: "I have missed my aim, I have nothing now to do but die." He surrendered himself to the officers, and was subsequently beheaded at St. Petersburg. His deluded followers were flogged and sent to the Siberian mines; but the two officers who killed Ivan were munificently rewarded. Thus was conspiracy punished and murder honored; and the empress was rid of one who, though a prisoner, and reduced by long incarceration almost to idiocy, was yet a dangerous rival, for his release might be welcomed by the people and result in her downfall. Some historians say that she fomented the conspiracy which resulted in the death of Ivan; but the story is terrible enough without adding this unsubstantiated crime to its catalogue of horrors.

THE WOMEN OF WARSAW.

A CORRESPONDENT connected with the daily press, who accompanied General Fremont in his march in pursuit of the rebel General Price, describes the town of Warsaw and its women as follows:

"Warsaw, a place of nearly one thousand inhabitants, is the county seat of Benton county, and is situated on the left bank of the Osage River, at a point a short distance below the mouth of Grand River. Being about equally remote from all railroad and steamboat influences, it is not a highly civilized place, and hence, as a matter of course, is given

up to Secession. A worse point than this cannot be found in the whole State. Sodom had one righteous man; Warsaw has not even that number, speaking in a political sense. Remote from all reliable information, it has been believed by all here that the war was simply a raid of Abolitionists upon the South, with a view to steal and liberate negroes—the National troops were a horde of monsters marching through the country burning houses, stealing negroes, ravishing women and murdering innocent citizens. Believing this most religiously, it is not to be wondered that the National troops were given a wide berth—in fact, everybody ran away from the place except the women. They, courageous creatures, although knowing well the terrible fate which awaited them, refused to leave—they remained, are here now, and to their surprise—I won't say chagrin—find their anticipations false, themselves not only unharmed, but treated with the utmost courtesy.

"Upon arriving here, General Fremont immediately took possession of the entire place, and quartered his officers upon the inhabitants—that is, so far as rooms and lodgings are concerned. Any officer wishing a better place of residence than that afforded by canvas, had only to select a house, enter, and inform the inmates that during the stay of the troops he would occupy so much of the house. This at first produced a good deal of angry remonstrance from the Warsaw ladies, but they finally submitted, and now the half or more of every house in town is occupied by one or more of the National officers. General Fremont occupies the finest house in the place. The next best contains the reporters' corps, who have condescended to use one of the parlors owned by a widow lady named Fields. This lady, who is blessed with three comely daughters, at first was indignant at the invasion of her house, then submitted with an acid grace, then grew more gracious as she became used to the infliction, and now is quite as much at home with her strange guests as if she had known them a century. The daughters at first were magnificently remote; finally they ventured covert peeps from around distant corners and the intricacies of lofty staircases, but skurried away like sheep disturbed by a big dog at the slightest symptom of danger. At length, finding themselves unharmed by this species of indulgence, they became emboldened, ventured down a step, getting into the hall and standing with backs discreetly turned when a reporter passed in or out; and bolder and bolder they grew, until at length one more daring than the rest ventured out upon the balcony, and tremblingly, and with averted face, stood there while several of us made our entrance and exit. The rest soon joined this adventurous heroine, and to make a long story short, they went from 'bad to worse,' when the last I saw of them they were playing whist with some scribes in the other parlor, and chatting as lively and unconcerned as though they had been all married for the last three months. Very much in the same way have the antipathies of other citizens been toned down, and there is now a very fair understanding between the troops and their fair entertainers."

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

THE California *Christian Advocate* states that a Secessionist recently entered an eating-house at Martinez, and called for a "first-rate Jeff Davis meal." In due course of time the waiter placed before him a large covered dish—"only that and nothing more." On removing the cover, secession found snugly coiled up a hempen rope, with a slip-noose at one end. He left—had no appetite.

THE Hartford *Press* relates the following good story of the comedian Burton. One day while travelling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travellers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

THE Oswego *Times* tells the following at the expense of a conductor known among the "boys" as Aleck: "On the two o'clock slow freight and passenger train from Syracuse, yesterday, were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter travelling on a 'half-ticket.' After innumerable stoppages and delays, in unloading freight, etc., by which the patience of the passengers is usually exhausted long before they reach this city, the conductor made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the pasteboard received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was 'a large boy to be riding at half fare.' 'I know,' said the lady; 'I know he is, sir, but then he's grown a good deal since we started.' The last seen of Aleck he was on his way to speak to the engineer about it."

DID you ever dine in camp on "pressed vegetables?" If yes, then you understand the force of a war correspondent's description of the abomination: "We get a substance for soup called 'pressed vegetables.' It looks a good deal like a big plug of 'dog-leg' tobacco in shape and solidity, and is composed in part of potatoes, onions, beans, lettuce, garlic, parsley, parsnips, carrots, etc. I acknowledge eating two tin plates full without any convulsions of nature, and can now speak the German language with tolerable fluency."

WHERE will Jeff Davis go when he dies? To that burn from which no traveller returns.

WHY are Lincoln and Hamlin "one and inseparable?" Behold the reason! ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

To what does the Government owe its success in money-hunting? Ardor in the Chase.

A CORRESPONDENT from the war says: "Our soldiers are charmed every night with the lays of the nightingale." We will bet that they would be a good deal more charmed with the lays of a hen.

AN outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter, "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

MRS. DOWDY says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

WHEN may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

IF a cat had wings, no bird would be left in the air. If every one had what he is wishing, who would have anything?

WHAT is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

AN IRISHMAN'S OPINION OF A YANKEE.—"Bedad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

THE chap who fell into error was lifted out by the lever of public opinion.

WHAT key will unlock most men's minds?—Whiskey.

A HAMPSHIRE contractor, a noted man in more respects than one, but given to telling stories, once entertained a select company with some of his yarns, and they passed unquestioned until he related the following:

"I was passing through Jersey," said he, "a few years since, and there came by us in the air a slight of crows nine miles long, and so thick was the flock, you couldn't see the sun for 'em!"

"This was too much for the company."

"How long did you say?"

"Nine miles, sir," was the reply.

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Fah," said the contractor, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part!"

A MAN, speaking of a place out West, says it is a perfect paradise, and that though almost all the people have the fever and ague, yet it is a great blessing, for it is the only exercise they take.

TOP AND BOTTOM.—"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" Inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant-girl, as she came up from the kitchen.

"It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

A SHOP was broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing.

"Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods were marked so high they couldn't afford to take them."

"L. L. D." RUSSELL is now the subject of a disparaging joke in Washington circles. While walking leisurely up Pennsylvania avenue, a short time since, where omnibuses marked "Seventh street" pass, he was accosted by a very pretty young lady with the inquiry,

"Will you please tell me, sir, how far those stages go?"

The "special," who unfortunately, exasperates the "H," replied,

"Seventh street to 'L. (hell), miss."

The lady indignantly turned from him, with the remark, "I mistook you for a gentleman," and was off before the astonished L. L. D. could understand why the young lady should deem herself insulted.

GENERAL BUTLER, among other things, is a wit. He was in Washington, and during a conversation with Southern men, one of them, a Georgian, said,

"I do not believe there is an honest man in Massachusetts."

After a moment's reflection, he added, "I beg to assure you, Mr. Butler, I mean nothing personal."

The General responded, "I believe there are a great many honest men in Georgia; but in saying so, sir, I do not mean anything personal."

OUR FLAG AT FORT HATTERAS.

Oh, to have stood on the ramparts!
Oh, to have seen it soar—
The dear old banner floating
Over its own once more!
Oh, to have heard the cheering
That greeted our Eagle's rise,
Up to his golden eyrie,
Under the Southern skies!

Not in the lust of conquest,
Not in the greed of gain,
Cometh the starry pennon
Unto its own again;
But promise of peace and pardon
Forth to the erring holds,
And summons repentant children
Back to its sheltering folds.

MORALS IN JAPAN.—Dr. George Smith, Bishop of Victoria, has published a little book, entitled, "Ten Weeks in Japan," giving an account of his visit to that country. According to the Bishop, the reputation for cleanliness and decency with which the nation has been credited seems to have been exaggerated; and if the offensive sights and odors common in China are absent, the Japanese still fall very far short of English ideas of propriety. Even their notion of personal cleanliness is incomplete. Like the Dutch, they sweep and clean their houses and the sides of their streets; and they even go a step beyond this, and indulge in frequent bodily ablutions. The public bath is a great institution in the land, and a very demoralizing one, no distinction of sex being observed in its enjoyment. But their clothes are worn for months without being washed. A warm bath seems to be, with many of the lower classes, an economical provision for saving the trouble and inconvenience of washing their clothing. The picture which the Bishop draws of Japanese morals is very dark. From the highest to the lowest the most unbridled licentiousness reigns. Even the Buddhist priests are universally looked upon as violating the vows of celibacy. Nor is the slightest attempt made to preserve any appearance of exterior decency. The Protestant missionaries, on their first arrival, were openly hated by parents anxious to gain a temporary settlement for their daughters under the protection of the strangers; and the notion of the moral purity of the visitors was scouted as something preposterous.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

DE CHAILLU tells how the Gorilla
With a rifle he shot in the chest,
Where a rifle ball's certain to kill a
Man or monkey, as must be confessed.

But Gray, that unwearied attacker
Of Du Chailu, Gorilla and Co.,
Says the man-monkey's wounds in the back are,
And the weapon employed—the long bow.

JOE MILLER, the younger, shows his grammatical knowledge in the following specimens:

1. An attempt to poison yourself is a rash act, but a slice of fried bacon is a rasher.
2. A showery day is damp, but the refusal of a young lady to marry you is a damper.
3. A sovereign short in weight is light, but a boat for the conveyance of goods is a lighter.
4. What you attach to a window is a blind, but a flash of lightning in your eyes is a blinder.
5. Prince Albert is called a fine man, but one who reduces meat is a finer.
6. A stiff old lady is prim, but a child's spelling book is a primer.
7. A cracked head is a sore affair, but a skylark is a soarer.
8. A soldier is bold, but a detached mass of rock is a bo(ul)der.

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